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THE NATION

NOVEMBER 29, 1971 *50 cents*

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LETTERS

pragmatist

Concord, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Vice President Agnew stated that he wants President Nixon to decide "in a cold, hard, practical political way" whether to keep him on the Republican ticket in 1972. I am sure a great many people would appreciate Mr. Agnew's informing us when and where Mr. Nixon ever made a decision other than "in a cold, hard, practical way."

Meldon C. Belknap

dropping in

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: In her article "Political Strikes: Walking Out on the System" [*The Nation*, Oct. 18] Virginia Held assumed that strikes directed at "decisions and policies which the political managers chosen as targets have the authority to change" would effect that change. I think that the evidence is to the contrary. . . . We are governed, but by a structure of administrative bureaucracies. Since these bureaucracies are effectively insular, the traditional lines of authority and accountability are no longer visible; one cannot direct *a* strike at *a* manager in order to protest *any* policy. . . .

By insularity is meant that a bureaucracy will sustain itself in its appointed task against all attempts to dismantle it. For instance, in response to the years of protest against the war, one President was dumped, but the war apparatus was not touched in the process. Now, the effort is being directed to bureaucratize the war by putting a battery of computers in the hands of a small committee. The war machinery is insulated by, again, making itself invisible: no messy American bodies to interfere with the smooth operation of the war bureaucracy, just distant Asian bodies and bombs dropped from on high. Even in the economic sphere, President Nixon is bureaucratizing the effects of the economy, wages and prices, by establishing a super board of directors. The movement is not to respond to the discontent of the governed but to further insulate the mechanisms of administrative, nonaccountable decisions. . . .

The implication is clear: dropping out in a directed, obtrusive manner will not approach the problem of greater insularity and the attendant rule by invisible, unaccountable mandate. I agree with Mrs. Held that the line of power has to be realigned; but I would be more inclined toward a purposeful dropping in than a directed and limited dropping out. Possibly, those who carry in with them the sense of constitutional accountability can thereby ferret it out and make it visible to all.

Michael H. Shenkman

book news

San Jose, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Norman Gover ["Playing Percentages: The Big Textbook Caper," *The Nation*, Nov. 8] . . . lays it down well, and I suspect he could come up with other things of interest to book buyers.

Robert Strauss

protest sale

Bristol, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: I took heart when I read the article by Barbara and John Ehrenreich, "Pugliese vs. Jones & Laughlin" [*The Nation*, Sept. 27]. I own a few shares of Jones & Laughlin stock and methinks I shall sell them in protest.

Helen W. Rowe

EDITORIALS

'Another Route' to Peace

At the President's press conference of November 12 a reporter asked, "In connection with your answer on negotiations, is what you are saying that perhaps you might not be able to keep your 1968 promise to end the war, which I believe was your campaign pledge, rather than just ending America's role in the war?" The President's reply was, "I would suggest that I be judged at the time of the campaign, rather than now, on that." He added that he had kept all his promises to date.

At the beginning of the session he pointed out that when he took office there were 540,000 Americans in Vietnam and American casualties were running as high as 300 a week. Now American casualties are down to less than ten, and 80 per cent of the American expeditionary force has been brought home—365,000. Apparently he was off on his arithmetic: 365 is 67.5 per cent of 540; but what is more important is that Mr. Nixon made clear his purpose to continue B-52 strikes and air support of South Vietnamese combat forces, and further, to maintain a "residual" troop force in South Vietnam so that the Thieu government will be in a position "to defend itself from a Communist take-over. Both objectives can be fulfilled, we believe, through a negotiated settlement. We would prefer that. If they are not fulfilled through a negotiated settlement," Mr. Nixon added ominously, "then we will have to go another route and we are prepared to do so."

The only construction that can be placed on this is that the war is to continue indefinitely, the main burden of combat being on the ARVN, with American logistic and air support and whatever other U. S. measures may be included under "another route." There is not the slightest chance that the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese will negotiate on these terms. In fact, since the arrival in Paris of William J. Porter as chief negotiator, the United States has taken the toughest possible line in the talks. According to Henry Giniger, covering the negotiations for *The New York Times*, Mr. Porter has been "deliberately provocative." Washington officials, Giniger writes, "are reported to be delighted with the new approach, feeling that it has given a dynamic quality to the American performance that was missing under Mr. [David K. E.] Bruce. Both here and in Washington there is a feeling that toughness is justified by what the Americans view as the relatively improved political and military situation in South Vietnam."

Rep. Leslie Aspin (D., Wis.) has instructed his colleagues on what is poised above Mr. Nixon's well-publicized reduction of U. S. ground strength in Vietnam. Summarizing a report from the Center of International Studies of Cornell University (the *Congressional Record*, November 8), Mr. Aspin noted that by the end of this year the Nixon Administration will have dropped more bombs on Indochina than were dropped by the two previous administrations combined. In 1971 alone, said Mr. Aspin, citing the report, 200,000 tons of bombs will fall on *South* Vietnam; that equals in tonnage the most ferocious year of the air war against *North* Vietnam. And further, as Vietnamization continues, the United States is

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turning increasingly to saturation bombing from very high altitudes, this being the type of attack that has the least military significance and inflicts the greatest damage on the civilian population. The report deals also, according to the Congressman, with the unabated air attack on Cambodia and Laos.

What Mr. Nixon is telling us, then, is that having defused active American opposition to the war by lowering American casualties to a negligible, or at least acceptable level, and simultaneously raising ARVN casualties to the former American level, he has nothing to worry about. Unless the Congress should rebel and cut off funds for the continuation of the war by a stated date, or the Thieu government should be overthrown despite American efforts to shore it up, Mr. Nixon has reason to be complacent.

One could, of course, object that as far as the people of Vietnam are concerned, and those of Laos and Cambodia, this is as callous and vicious a policy as can well be imagined. What is left of their countries is to undergo further devastation and they are to continue to live in constant fear of their lives, only primarily at the hands of their own countrymen instead of the Americans. Under Thieu, as under a succession of American Presidents, they are to be free to determine their own "destiny"—as long as it is what the Americans decided it should be when they took over from the French. For that, as Mr. Nixon sees it, no Indochinese sacrifice can be too great.

Justice Mocked

Such *causes célèbres* of an earlier generation as the Mooney-Billings and Sacco-Vanzetti cases involved miscarriages of justice in which individual defendants in criminal proceedings were the victims of political bias. But in our day what is becoming the typical *cause célèbre* involves the failure of law-enforcement agencies, at the highest levels, to enforce the law in situations with strong political overtones. Examples abound: the Orangeburg massacre, the shoot-out at Fred Hampton's apartment in Chicago, and the killings at Jackson State and Kent State.

Of these cases Kent State makes, or should make, the strongest appeal to the widest American constituency, if only because it occurred in the Midwest, not the Deep South, and involved white rather than black students. Also the issue is clear-cut. The decision of Attorney General Mitchell that no basis for a federal indictment against members of the National Guard existed is in direct conflict with the report of President Nixon's own Commission on Campus Unrest, with the facts as found by the FBI, with an excellent 227-page report prepared by Peter Davies (see article p. 557 this issue), and with numerous devastating reports by responsible newsmen.

What it comes down to is that the Nixon Administration decided that a federal prosecution which would test the truth in open court would be politically hazardous. Last March, the President said that justice delayed is not only justice denied but ". . . justice mocked." But failure to prosecute where the facts clearly warrant a test of truth is worse than justice mocked: it is justice aborted. The conscience of any American community would be deeply shocked if it were made known that a district attorney had

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1971 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 213
No. 18

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failed to prosecute a case involving the charge of murder because he had a private interest. But political interests are hardly less offensive, particularly when they involve the highest ranking law-enforcement officials right up to and including the President.

Fortunately, the mockery of justice at Kent State remains a live issue, if only because of a cruel sequel—the Sixth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals has refused to dismiss state court charges against twenty-five persons, students and faculty members, for inciting to riot. The attorney general of Ohio has said that he now has no alternative but to proceed with the trial of this case. Prosecuting onlookers and victims while refusing to prosecute those responsible for the violence merely compounds the basic injustice. The Court of Appeals did order a local grand jury report, which in effect condemned the twenty-five in advance of trial, to be expunged from the records. In fact the report has now been destroyed because, so the court said, it might prejudice the trial. But the damage has already been done; local prejudice cannot be so conveniently discarded.

That Kent State still troubles the national conscience is shown by other facts. The president of the university is scheduled to deliver a petition containing 10,000 signatures, of students and others, to President Nixon in Washington. The petition asks the President to overrule Mitchell's decision not to prosecute the Guardsmen. At the same time, the Eighth District Court of Appeals in Ohio, by a 2-to-1 decision, has ruled that parents of one of the murdered students may maintain a civil action charging the state with responsibility for the death of their daughter. The trial of this action will provide another forum to air the facts. Still another indication of the growing interest in Kent State is an excellent 24-page supplement, "Kent State Revisited: An Appeal for Justice," just issued by *American Report,* 637 West 125th Street, New York, N.Y. 10027 (single copies at 35¢ each, with lower rates for bulk orders). The supplement contains an interview with Peter Davies who, with no family, friendship or professional ties to any of the students killed or wounded, felt it to be his duty as a citizen—a native of London, he became a U.S. citizen in 1966—to investigate.

Public interest in Kent State should grow and the protests should mount, for an issue of great importance is involved. This issue does not relate to the inadequacy of the judicial system but, as the mother of one of the dead students puts it, to "the broadening intrusion into that system of political ideology." For this intrusion the President and Mr. Mitchell should be held accountable—if not in the courts then at the polls.

Congress and the CIA

President Nixon has issued an executive order which invests Richard Helms, director of the CIA, with authority to oversee all the intelligence agencies (the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, etc.) and to cut "bureaucratic fat" and professional overlapping wherever possible. There may be merit in this new order, but there is incontestable merit in Sen. Stuart Symington's reaction to it. The Senator notes that the CIA was brought into existence in 1947 by an act of Congress. Its powers and duties are defined by legislation adopted by the Congress. The director and deputy director are subject to confirmation by the Senate. Last year the Congress appropriated between $5 billion and $6 billion for the intelligence establishment; no one knows the exact amount, since part of the CIA's budget is artfully concealed. Yet the Senate was not consulted about the proposed reorganization. Senator Symington serves on the CIA subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee. To his knowledge, the subcommittee was not consulted about, nor did it approve, the reorganization ordered by the President. As a matter of fact the subcommittee has not met once during the current year. This is an amazing state of affairs. Surely the Congress has a right to be consulted about the reorganization of an agency which owes its existence to an Act of Congress and is sustained by annual appropriations voted by the Congress.

The fact is that the CIA enjoys an autonomy almost as complete as that enjoyed by the FBI. Whatever the original intention of the Congress, the CIA functions today as an adjunct of the White House. The intelligence it gathers is available to the President; it is not available to the Congress. Under the proposed reorganization, it will be even more directly responsible to the President, and by its oversight control over the other agencies will be supplying him with a unified appraisal. An agency that gathers information for the President may be tempted to provide him with the estimates it thinks he wants (as the Pentagon Papers have shown, intelligence reports that do not coincide with White House opinion are apt to be ignored), and as Joseph Kraft pointed out in a recent column, there is much to be said for diverging, even conflicting, reports in the highly subjective area of intelligence evaluation.

The CIA is closed off from scrutiny by the press, public and the Congress; like the FBI, it functions in splendid bureaucratic isolation. Mr. Helms is such a gray eminence that a private elevator takes him to and from his office in the CIA structure in Langley, Va. Like Mr. Hoover, he is usually not "available," except at budget time. Recently, however, he has been trying to give the agency a new, or at least a brighter image, since he is well aware of a growing restiveness in the Congress and of the need to slash budgets. A *Nation* editorial of May 3 called attention to the way in which Mr. Helms was "breaking cover" to talk about the brilliant achievements of the

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The masthead of *The Nation*, as of most publications, carries an admonition that the editors will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, unless these are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

But—as with most publications, no doubt—the warning has been ignored more often than not, and we, ignoring it ourselves, have gone on returning manuscripts at our own expense.

Now the sharp increase in postal rates compels us to repeat and emphasize the admonition: *Unsolicited manuscripts will NOT—repeat NOT—be returned unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.*

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agency and to assure us that it is staffed by dedicated friends of the democratic ideal. Now he is up to the same antics again. This week he is the "cover boy" on *Newsweek*, with the predictable feature telling of gallant CIA capers of a kind that could have been made known only by the agency that is so super-secret it feels compelled to conceal its activities from the Congress.

Congress should not take any more of this guff from the agency or its director. It has authority to insist that its authority be respected and it has a clear responsibility to act in that spirit. In an editorial last August 2, we remarked on a measure, introduced by Sen. John Sherman Cooper, which would require the CIA to make its intelligence reports available to the chairman of the germane committees of the Congress (Armed Services and Foreign Relations) and also require the agency to prepare reports at the request of the Congress. There is precedent for such legislation in the instructions given the AEC. After all, the CIA often gives to foreign governments information and reports which it will not make available to the Senate or the House. This is selective secrecy carried to a grotesque extreme.

Hearings will be held on Senator Cooper's bill (S. 2224) during the first week of February. It is a wise and sensible proposal. We hope it is adopted. We hope too that the CIA subcommittee will come alive and begin to exercise a real degree of oversight over the agency. Better still, the Senate should adopt the resolution offered by Senator Symington (S. 192, November 13) to create a select committee which would oversee the CIA. But there is really only one way to deal with the problem of the CIA and that is to make it directly responsible to the Congress. If it is engaged in activities of such a character that they cannot be reported to the Congress, then it should be told to abandon those activities. There is no place for a secret agency of the CIA type within the framework of a constitutional democracy, which is how Justice Stanley Reed once characterized our form of government. As long as the CIA can plead secrecy, Congress will be unable to exercise effective oversight. The time has come to make both the FBI and the CIA subject to close and continuing Congressional supervision and control.

The Politics of Cancer

Rep. Paul G. Rogers (D., Fla.) does his homework carefully and thoroughly. The House's approval, by a 350-to-5 vote, of his version of a major cancer research bill [see: "Cancer Research: Money Won't Solve Everything" by Dr. George A. Silver, *The Nation*, August 16] is a strong indication that the Senate version is in for tough sledding when the two bills go to conference.

Ordinarily a lopsided 79-to-1 Senate vote, with Senator Kennedy's committee and the Administration working in tandem, would lead to a somewhat similar vote in the House. But hard work by Representative Rogers, coupled with his evident desire to establish himself as the House leader on health policy and programs, led to an equally lopsided vote for something quite different. The Senate bill would set up an independent cancer research agency; the Rogers measure would keep cancer research closely tied to the National Institutes of Health.

Within recent weeks a conference committee agreed on a $3.5 billion House Health Manpower Training Act which represents a definite advance on any similar legislation proposed in the past. It offers substantial support to *education*, making it less necessary for medical schools to enlarge the *research* facilities from which, in the past, they "stole" personnel and facilities for teaching medical students. It also provides incentives for enlarging medical school capacities, so that more doctors may be trained and directed toward communities that stand in greatest need of medical service. True, these incentives may be distorted in the end, allowing a traditionally conservative medical educational elite to carry on as before. But with a tough-minded, knowledgeable, community-minded Congressman like Mr. Rogers on the watch, it may be difficult for this elite to continue to frustrate the need for change in medical school practice.

It is in the light of the manpower law that the vote in the House on the cancer research bill and its consequences are so important. Rogers was able to bring into the House hearings, and thereby to influence the House accordingly, those elements of the medical school and research establishment that recognize the dangers of creating a new research bureaucracy, with its potential for frustrating the need for more doctors and better medical service. A new separate cancer authority would not only have developed into a multibillion-dollar bureaucracy on its own, but the precedent could have spawned a multitude of other independent scientific research authorities as the National Institutes of Health withered away. The NIH has its own bureaucratic defects that need to be corrected, but multiplying independent research agencies would not be a corrective. The key to cancer will be found the sooner if better, more adequate medical care is available to everyone, and if research efforts are focused more intelligently and efficiently on the critical problems of cancer research.

Lonely Witness

Every society that aspires to democratic ideals needs a contingent of Paul O'Dwyers—that is, lawyers who can be relied upon, in season and out, to uphold democratic principles, and whether or not the particular principle is one of the chic liberal preoccupations of the moment. To New York and the nation's detriment, there is only one Paul O'Dwyer but he is indispensable. Recently Mr. O'Dwyer made a lonely pilgrimage to Washington to testify against the confirmation of Lewis F. Powell, Jr., one of President Nixon's Supreme Court nominees. The pilgrimage was lonely because, for tactical and other reasons, the "liberal establishment" had decided not to oppose Powell so that it might the more effectively oppose William Rehnquist, the more vulnerable of the nominees. O'Dwyer would have no part of the tactic which, incidentally, may or may not prevail against Rehnquist. He had serious objections to register against Powell and he was disturbed by the way attention was being diverted from Powell to Rehnquist. That his was not a popular position is shown by the fact that O'Dwyer's testimony—for practical purposes, the only significant opposition to Powell's confirmation—received so little attention.

To Paul O'Dwyer the difference between Powell and

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Rehnquist is primarily one of style. There is surely little difference in their basic views and, if anything, Powell's style—at any rate his rhetoric—is more objectionable than Rehnquist's. Powell's airy dismissal of the controversy over wire tapping as "a tempest in a teapot" is, to put it mildly, supercilious. In a written statement on the subject, which J. Edgar Hoover thought so well of that he had it reprinted in the October FBI *Law Enforcement Bulletin* (it was also reprinted in *The New York Times* of November 3), he made the simple-minded mistake of assuming that 183 wire taps—the number sanctioned by court orders in 1970—meant that at most there had only been 183 invasions of privacy. One instance would have been too many —matters of principle not being subject to statistical qualifications—but as Norman Dorsen, a distinguished civil liberties attorney has pointed out, these taps actually mean that literally thousands of conversations were overheard. Against the background of what has been happening in civil liberties, there is something offensive about Powell's blithe assurance that our press is the freest and our society the most open and least oppressive in the world today. That may be true but his failure to show any sense of concern about current threats and the developing anti-libertarian climate of opinion should create widespread uneasiness about Powell's qualifications.

But O'Dwyer's most serious criticism turned on what Powell had said about the Berrigans (O'Dwyer is one of the defense attorneys in the Harrisburg case). As a distinguished leader of the bar, Mr. Powell knows the rules about not commenting on pending cases. Reports of the ABA—specifically the Reardon Report of 1968, prepared by an associate justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court —condemn public statements by members of the bar, the effect of which is to prejudge the guilt of a defendant. The tone of Mr. Powell's statement clearly implied that he assumed the guilt of the defendants in the Harrisburg case. And there is the distinct echo of an ideologue in his assertion that "the radical Left, with wide support from the customary camp followers, is propagandizing the case of the Berrigans."

Powell will probably be confirmed but it is regrettable that his nomination did not receive the close scrutiny it deserved. A lonely witness, Paul O'Dwyer at least has the satisfaction of having forcefully opposed a nomination which, but for his appearance, might have been sneaked through the committee without significant objection.

Heritage

The Society of American Travel Writers, despite strenuous objections from several leading members, including an ex-president of the organization, held its annual convention this year in Greece. Most of the members came to Greece with mouths sealed as far as political questions and observations went. "Watch yourself" was the instant admonishment when someone ventured a thought that could be interpreted as anti-Colonel. And before any conversation, however brief, was initiated on the signs of Greek fascism, the members looked about them to see if an unfamiliar ear was in sight. At tables where a Greek was seated, there was complete avoidance of politics—even of politics in the United States.

Because the Society of American Travel Writers is the guest of the country selected, thus substantially reducing convention expenses for the members, SATW's officialdom makes it a point to heap the most bountiful praise upon each host. In Greece, Richard Dunlop, SATW president, constantly praised Greece as the cradle of democracy and compared Greece to the United States as an example of contemporary democracy. In Rhodes, Dunlop let drop a remark that showed how neatly this comparison works out. Detailing the contributions of Greece to the United States, Dunlop noted that many cities and institutions in the United States owed their names to Greece and, as the first example, cited the name of Attica.

Trade, Corn and Politics

"President Nixon, in political trouble with the nation's farmers, replaced the Secretary of Agriculture today. . . ."

"U. S. to Let Russians Buy 136-Million in Feed Grain."

Reference to Mr. Nixon's "deep personal involvement in the grain sale. . . ."

"Ribicoff Advocates Trade with Communist Nations."

From these four brief excerpts from current newspaper stories one can deduce that Mr. Nixon's deep personal involvement has something to do with the 1972 elections, now less than a year away. Nevertheless, things are looking up. The pending sale of some 3 million tons of American (and some Canadian) feed grains to the Soviet Union are the first since President Kennedy authorized a $100 million wheat sale to the Soviet Union in 1964. There was an uproar about that transaction; all is quiet this time. Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.), inserting a story from the *U. S. Department of Agriculture News* into the *Congressional Record,* called the sale "a historic event," with long-term implications for U. S. agriculture. Even the maritime unions are going along, although George Meany, predictably, is growling and grumbling. Offered suitable inducements, they waived their long-standing requirement that at least 50 per cent of grain shipments to the Soviet Union must be carried in American ships, thereby adding prohibitively to the expense.

The Canadians, of course, have been large purveyors to the People's Republic of China for the past several years. After all, such deals are mutually advantageous. The buyer gets food and the seller gets money for his surplus agricultural products. Communist or capitalist, they all must eat.

To that end, Moscow plans to increase the protein in Soviet diets and, to increase meat and poultry production, it must import feed grains. The $136 million deal may be followed by others, not necessarily limited to corn, barley and oats. For instance, members of a U. S. Agriculture Department team that recently spent a month inspecting Soviet farm areas anticipate that the Russians may also want soybeans, etc. "It's my hunch," says an Agriculture Department official, "that we've broken the ice on a big, big deal."

It's about time. Almost everybody has been trading with the Soviet Union and Communist China except the United States—which is one reason why we find ourselves in our present economic predicament. Senator Ribicoff,

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noting that the United States accounted for only $600 million out of a total of $18 billion of trade between non-Communist and Communist nations, advocates a new approach in this area. It is all wrong, he argues, to tie removal of trade restrictions to specific political payoffs. "Instead," he says, "we should first concentrate on forging stronger economic ties with Eastern European countries. By doing so we will be creating an environment in which bilateral political problems will be more easily solved."

Of course there are still a great many politicians, and the politically uninformed or biased, who don't want such problems to be solved, but President Nixon, faced with political dilemmas in the coming year, is no longer buddy-buddy with these die-hards, although he would like them to think he is.

The moral seems to be that when politicians find themselves in trouble, they tend to become reasonable. It's just that our politicians take longer.

THE HAITIANS OF BROOKLYN

SONS OF THE BITTER MANGO

BILL THOMPSON
Mr. Thompson has traveled much in Haiti. More recently, he taught English to Haitians in a JOBS program center in Brooklyn.

The slight, black, aging figure, sitting in the living room where the peeling paint hangs in flakes from the ceiling—in what way is he different from a thousand other old, black men in the Crown Heights sector of Brooklyn? Poor, like them, he spends his days at a Manpower training center, where the government attempts to teach the down-and-outs of the urban slums to become useful citizens. For this he is paid a weekly stipend, enough to feed his wife and teen-age daughter.

Not so long ago, though, in a country 2,000 miles from Brooklyn, a sun-drenched country blooming with mangoes, sugar cane and pineapples, this man was among the most respected in the land. He was commander of the coast guard, and claimed a personal acquaintance with the country's President. Now he, Col. Octave Cayard, is an exile, living in the slums of Brooklyn because his country was Haiti and his President the late François Duvalier.

On the morning of April 24, 1970, Colonel Cayard steamed out into the harbor of Port-au-Prince with his entire command—three ships—and proceeded to bombard the capital. The night before, President Duvalier had uncovered a conspiracy between Cayard and certain army officers to topple the regime, and there was no choice but to fight. The battle raged all day, with shore batteries returning Cayard's fire and a war-surplus P-51 strafing the ships from the air, but it was inconclusive. Duvalier, wily veteran of many attempted coups, forestalled the army officers' action simply by calling the entire army staff to the palace and keeping them there. Despoiled of its land-based arm, Cayard's maritime action was impotent, and he sailed off the next day to seek asylum with the Americans.

Cayard had not always been hostile to Duvalier. He had been, in fact, an avid supporter when the little country doctor was campaigning back in 1957. Considering Duvalier's acquaintance with peasant life and his presumed humanitarian leanings as a medical man, it had looked to Cayard as if his election would mean a better life for Haiti's poor blacks. It took three years and the accumulation of anti-democratic acts and mass killings before the Colonel realized that the doctor had made a fool of him.

At the same time, international opinion had turned against the Duvalier government. President Kennedy cut off all U.S. aid to Haiti in 1963, declaring the regime to be "corrupt and incompetent." And in the same year the International Commission of Jurists in Geneva defined the Duvalier regime as "a tyrannical government which is not even inspired by an ideology but whose unique goal is to keep the country subjugated."

By the late 1960s Haiti was characterized by mass emigrations, mostly to New York, which now boasts a Haitian population estimated to be as large as 200,000. (In 1970, 31,870 Haitians entered the United States, and most of them came to New York.) The educated and the technically trained, in particular, tended to emigrate, leaving the country crippled in vital fields.

Even more damning testimony against the Duvalier government was provided by the unexplained absence of thousands of men who had been blotted out of existence for voicing opposition to the regime. Not for nothing did "Papa Doc" gain a reputation as the most retrograde, cynical and ruthless of all dictators of recent memory in Latin America.

On April 22, 1971, Papa Doc died in bed. He had already named his successor, however, after having ordered the legislature to amend the constitution so that a 20-year-old, his son Jean-Claude, could be President. Jean-Claude is a dissolute young man of weak character who is reputed to be none too bright, but he has the backing of Papa Doc's old henchmen. (The most formidable of these is Luckner Cambronne, Minister of Defense and of the Interior, formerly chief of the Tontons Macoutes, Papa Doc's Gestapo force.) Moreover, Jean-Claude's inauguration was made auspicious by a modest boom in tourism and foreign investments which had begun in the last months of his father's life. Reading from a prepared speech at his inauguration, Jean-Claude announced that he would pursue the "Duvalier Revolution" with "the same fierce energy" as his sire. Duvalier *père* is dead, but the machine he created lurches on.

Meanwhile, Colonel Cayard and his sailors languish

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in exile in New York. Jean-Claude Duvalier granted amnesty to all political exiles shortly after the death of his father, but Cayard's men were labeled "Communist pirates" and specifically excluded from the general amnesty. As Cayard sees it, the only way to go home is by invasion. To this end, he has regrouped his exiled sailors into the Haitian Coast Guard in Exile, whose primary purpose is to mount an invasion attempt. In this ambition, they are not alone.

In a luxury apartment in Elmhurst, N.Y., lives a former Haitian army officer named Yves Volel. In most ways, he seems quite unlike Colonel Cayard. His skin is virtually white, he speaks English with almost native fluency, and he has made a successful entry into American life. Yet his life and Colonel Cayard's are intertwined, for both men share the same overmastering dream: to smash the Duvalier machine. Volel is the spokesman of a body of exiled army officers and men known as the Revolutionary Movement of 12 November, or simply, in the French acronym, MR12N.

The MR12N takes its name from the date of an execution. On November 12, 1963, in the National Cemetery of Port-au-Prince, a firing squad put to death Marcel Numa and Louis Drouin, the last survivors of an invasion force which had landed in Haiti more than two months earlier. The term "invasion force" may be misleading, however, for it comprised thirteen young men in all. They belonged to an organization known as Jeune Haiti, and they had planned their attack in New York and launched it from Miami. For two and a half months these thirteen guerrilla fighters took on the entire Duvalier military machine—the 5,000-man army, the 200-man air force, and the 7,500-man Tontons Macoutes. They had counted on rallying peasant support, as Castro had done in the Sierra Maestra; but the Haitian peasants, sunk in apathy by 160 years of dictatorships and cowed by memories of Duvalier's special brand of brutality, rendered no help. If the MR12N ever realizes its invasion plans, it will not be with a handful of men but with a force of battalion size capable of independently engaging the government forces. Those forces, though large, are ill-motivated, since many soldiers serve the dictator not out of loyalty but out of fear. If the invaders can perform well in early skirmishes, many of the government troops may defect to their side.

"Some people claim we only want to go back to recover our old privileges," says Volel, who is a member of the mulatto elite that has been the traditional landed gentry of Haiti. Haitian Communists in New York have, in fact, called MR12N "the last gasp of the ancient aristocracy," who wish to take back the power they enjoyed before it was usurped by black leaders like Papa Doc. But Volel, stung by such accusations, insists that no future government of Haiti will survive unless it benefits the destitute masses. The MR12N supports "moderated socialism," he says, including collective farming on a modest scale.

It would be naive to suppose, however, that desire for social reform is the only motive behind the MR12N's drive to topple the Duvalier machine. Personal revenge may be at least as strong a motive for members whose families have been victimized by the regime. Of these men, Lieut. François Benoit is perhaps the outstanding example.

Benoit, a tall Haitian with a craggy jaw and the physique of a wrestler, suffered reprisals after the attempted kidnapping of Papa Doc's children in 1963. The dictator was convinced that the kidnapping could have been masterminded only by Benoit, a U.S. Army-trained officer and champion marksman. Duvalier was later proved wrong, but not before he had massacred Benoit's infant son and elderly parents, among others. It was typical of Duvalier's brand of retaliation—the Tontons Macoutes have never shown mercy to women or children. Indeed, many Haitians in New York will not speak out against the regime for fear that reprisals will be taken against relatives still in Haiti. But Benoit, who himself escaped Duvalier's misguided wrath, has no one there to lose.

The embittered men of the MR12N and the angry men of the Coast Guard in Exile are gathered together under the umbrella of a larger organization known as the Haitian Resistance. This comprises exile groups as far away as Canada, and in fact the newsletter of the organization, which can be bought in New York from Haitian taxi drivers, is published in Montreal. But the military core of the Resistance is in New York. Unity is particularly crucial for Haitians, who have traditionally been prey to division and mutual distrust. Time and again rival exile groups have seemed to hate one another more than they hated Duvalier. But whether the Resistance has really achieved unity at last, even within its own ranks, is open to question. All exiles, certainly, have not been brought into the Resistance—particularly not the Haitian Communists.

If the invasion now intended is ultimately launched, it will not be the first during the Duvaliers' fourteen years of rule. There have been six invasions in all.

The first, in 1958, was launched by sea, out of Miami. It was pure adventure on the part of five American soldiers of fortune and three former Haitian army officers. They planned to divide the country among them. They failed. The second attempt was made in 1959 by thirty-three guerrilla revolutionaries, almost all of whom were Cuban. They failed. The third attempt, in 1963, was made by former Haitian army officers and men under Gen. Leon Cantave, who launched his attack from the neighboring Dominican Republic. Cantave failed. The following year, a group calling itself the Camoquins also attacked from the Dominican Republic. Just by chance, their invasion coincided with that of the Jeune Haiti Thirteen. The Jeune Haiti action was, of all the invasion attempts, the bravest, the most quixotic, the most fondly remembered. Typically, though, their attack was totally uncoordinated with Cantave's simultaneous action, and the two groups failed

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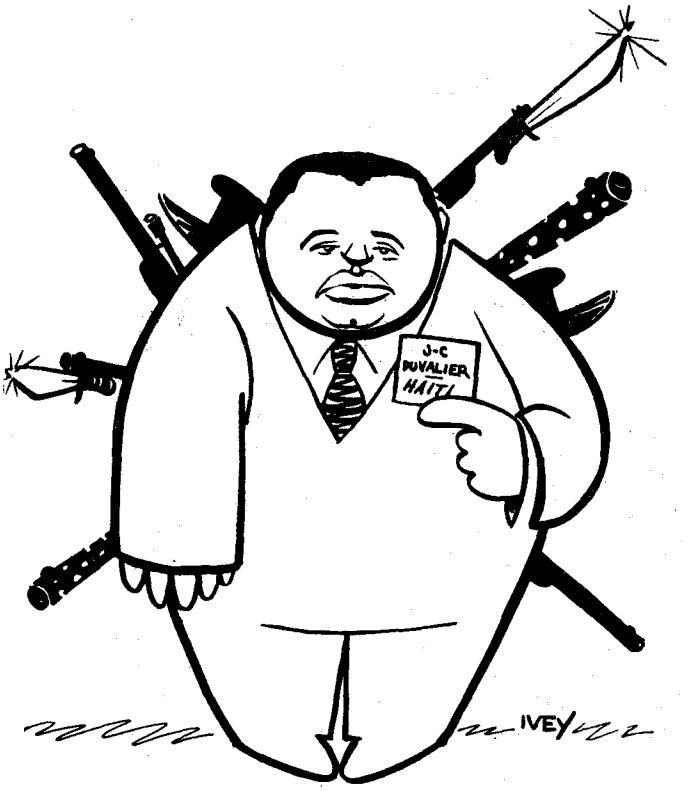
simultaneously. The sixth invasion came in 1968 by air out of the Bahamas, and included an attempt to bomb the Presidential Palace. It failed. Thus, six attempts, six failures—a record that would perhaps be more surprising if 65 per cent of Haiti's state funds were not spent on internal security.

One Haitian who is not impressed by plans for invasion is Raymond Alcide Joseph, a young, easy-mannered black man who works for a major New York newspaper. Joseph believes, against all the evidence of the past fourteen years, that the Duvalier dynasty will be toppled by an uprising inside Haiti. [See Joseph: "Haiti: Ripe for the Marines?," *The Nation*, March 31, 1969.] He is one of the leaders of the Haitian Coalition, an organization which claims to have cells and cadres within Haiti, working patiently and in secret toward a *coup d'état*. ("Some people claim Haitians inside Haiti don't have the guts to oppose Duvalier," grumbles Joseph. "But our people have more guts than anybody.") Up until recently, the Coalition boasted nearly 3,000 members in North America; in 1969, it had a yearly budget of $60,000, contributed, says Joseph, by businessmen inside Haiti. Since mid-1969, however, the Coalition has declined and is now "underground," in Joseph's phrase, because two men embraced on the balcony of the Presidential Palace in Port-au-Prince. One of the men was the aging Papa Doc; the other was Nelson Rockefeller, President Nixon's special ambassador to Latin America.

Haitian businessmen, seeing the photo of that embrace, felt that it signaled a decision of the Nixon Administration to back the regime. If this were true, then it was useless to struggle against Duvalier. They cut off contributions to the Coalition. The photo also effected a profound change in Joseph's thinking. Prior to this, he and the Coalition in general had been democratic and Western-oriented. Since then, Joseph's thinking has become increasingly less naive and more radical.

Ray Joseph actively entered anti-Duvalier politics upon the failure of the Jeune Haiti Thirteen in 1963. Like so many Haitians, he was deeply moved by the execution of Numa and Drouin. At that time, Joseph was studying anthropology at the University of Chicago, where he, the son of a poor sugar-cane cutter, had worked himself up to a Ph.D. candidacy. Joseph threw all that up and by 1965 was beaming a nightly radio broadcast to Haiti out of New York. In this broadcast, which came to be known in Haiti as "six o'clock mass," he sought to enlighten the Haitian people regarding the behind-the-scenes workings of the regime.

Material for the broadcast was ferreted out of the highest ministries of the Presidential Palace itself. "Informants in Haiti are hard up," says Joseph. "You could get a lot of information for thirty bucks." But the broadcast collapsed when the Mormon owner of the station, who was visiting the Dominican Republic, was approached by two Tontons Macoutes in the dining room of his hotel and told to shut down Joseph's program—or else. "He was still shaking when he got back to New York," says Joseph. The broadcast was duly terminated, and Joseph could find no other transmitter suitable for sending to Haiti. There has been one interesting side effect of the broadcast—Ray Joseph is now under sentence of death, in absentia, for speaking out against the regime.



Orlando Sentinel (Florida)
"I Will Continue My Father's Principles"

Of all the Haitian political figures in the United States, the most eminent one, strangely enough, has not been involved either with the Haitian Coalition or the Resistance. His name is Daniel Fignolé. A champion of the masses, Fignolé has been called the most popular man in the history of Port-au-Prince. He was Provisional President in 1957, but was arrested by pro-Duvalier army officers and forced to leave the country. Fignolé, however, has never ceased to regard himself as the lawful President of Haiti, and even insists on being addressed as *Le Président*. In this he embodies the central problem of Haitian exile politics. Instead of losing himself in the struggle against the common enemy, he insists that he alone is the rightful heir to power. Fignolé will cooperate with no exile group which does not recognize him as *Le Président*.

Fignolé lives on a shabby side street in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. When I visited him, I saw him as a black man of middle age and middle height, looking no more like a great man than do most men. But when Fignolé began to speak across the long table in the room he has fitted out for conferences, one caught a glimpse of the old fire. He spoke eloquently of his ideas for adult education and literacy training, of the need for periodic elections, of his own record of honesty in office. But when asked how he planned to regain power, he changed the subject. And no wonder—Fignolé might well win in a free election, but there will be no elections under the present regime, and he has no cadres who will seize power for him. Unless the situation changes

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radically, Fignolé might well spend the rest of his life on that side street in Brooklyn, living on memories of days when he was *Le Président*.

Will the situation change radically? That, to a great extent, must be decided in Washington, and to Washington it may well seem that the Duvalier regime is the bulwark against total chaos in Haiti. Certainly, the downfall of the regime would loose forces within the country which have been smoldering for the past fourteen years. Moreover, Castro's Cuba is only a boat ride from Haiti, and Cuban guerrillas have already invaded Haiti once.

Since the death of Papa Doc, moreover, Jean-Claude's government has instituted a massive face-lifting campaign specifically designed to win back U.S. aid. The first move was to invite all political exiles home, with promises of amnesty. Exiles in New York, however, recalling that Papa Doc had used the same ruse a few years ago, were not interested. There also has been talk of disbanding the infamous Tontons Macoutes in favor of the Leopards, a new militia group, but experienced observers know that the Leopards would perform much the same chores as did their predecessors. In general, the clique which now rules Haiti is composed of Papa Doc's old minions and descendants. As long as these men and women hold absolute power, it would be naive to suppose that reform can be more than a façade.

Nevertheless, the Nixon Administration has been led by the "attitude" of Jean-Claude's regime to "listen favorably" to a request for resumed aid. The black U.S. Ambassador to Haiti, Clinton Knox, insists that political terrorism has eased since Papa Doc's death, and has called for massive loans to the regime. Military aid may also be forthcoming. Certainly, the U.S. warships that have patrolled Haitian waters since Papa Doc's demise have been interpreted by Haitians as fair warning to would-be revolutionaries. And indications are that the Leopards will be trained and equipped by the United States.

In the past, Washington has given sporadic aid to anti-Duvalier groups: the Jeune Haiti Thirteen, for example, received Special Forces training in North Carolina. Supporting exile factions is a tricky business, however, there being no guarantee that any exile government, once in power, would be markedly less virulent than the Duvalier regime itself. But supporting Duvalier seems even less advisable, since any such support would be watched and criticized by the peoples of Latin America and the entire Third World. At this time, in fact, no interference of any kind is likely to produce positive results in Haiti. One must hope, against all present indications, that the Administration will continue the policy of minimal interference in Haitian affairs begun by John F. Kennedy.

Such a hope is, perhaps, naive. But if the men in Washington plan to resume large-scale aid to the most unprincipled regime in the hemisphere, they should be reminded that that regime cannot survive indefinitely, even with U.S. backing. A tree which produces bitter mangoes is rotten, trunk and bough, and is not to be cured by a little artful pruning. Too many men have been embittered by its fruit, and those men are looking for an ax sharp enough to chop the tree down. □

CAPTIVE GIANT

Military Spending & Dollars Abroad

ROBERT WARREN STEVENS
Mr. Stevens is associate professor, Graduate School of Business, Indiana University Northwest (at Gary); he is the author of The Dollar and the World Economy: Before and After Gold, *to be published next year in the Random House Primer Series in Economics, edited by Peter Bernstein.*

Until August 1971, international monetary crises had been rather like earth tremors. They came on suddenly, gave the environment a shaking-up, and then receded as suddenly as they had erupted. True, one notable difference between earthquakes and international monetary crises had been that financial writers—by analogy the international monetary seismologists—usually came forward some time during the crisis to say, "Look out! This one may really be it!"

"It," when it came on August 15, was in the unlikely form of an announcement by President Nixon on the nation's Sunday evening television screens. Mr. Nixon announced that the U.S. Government would have to suspend the gold convertibility of the dollar. This step was far from unexpected, coming as it did after some five years of a mismanaged U.S. economy, but the President did not hesitate to blame foreigners for what he was about to do. In his short text appeared no less than seven references to international currency speculators who, he said, were holding the dollar hostage. Moreover, in five other passages he complained petulantly of the "unfair" treatment he alleges the United States has suffered at the hands of other countries.

The story begins with Lyndon Johnson's attempt to escalate the war in Vietnam out of his hip pocket, as it were, in the hope that the American people would not notice what he was doing. Unfortunately for him, he did not heed the fact that at about the same time the United States economy was arriving at full employment. Consequently, when in 1966-67 the budgeted expenditures for the war were exceeded by 100 per cent, with no increase in taxes, they set off a classic wartime demand-pull kind of inflation. To fight its war in Vietnam, the government went after resources that the rest of us wanted for the operation of a full-employment economy. The government got the resources it wanted by outbidding the rest of us, and in so doing it drove up prices.

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Uluschak, Edmonton Journal (Canada)
The House That Dick Built

When the Democrats handed the country back to the Republicans in 1968, the leading economic problem was already this war-induced inflation. The Nixon Administration then compounded its predecessor's errors by announcing that, even though the economy was in an inflationary state, it would be faithful to ancient dogma and not "interfere" in any way with the "freedom" of labor and management to set their own wages and prices. Union officials and corporate managements interpreted this as an invitation to escalate wages and prices while they still could, and the inflation shifted into one of cost-push. The Nixonians, however, tilted with this cost-push inflation as if it were still demand-pull. Their permissiveness toward wage and price increases, combined with their move to put the brakes on demand by tightening credit, produced that weird combination of unemployment with wage-price inflation that has been one of the economic marvels of 1971.

In August, with the 1972 elections only fifteen months away, something had to be done to improve Mr. Nixon's image, especially among the unemployed. Therefore, although he had to abandon his chosen policies and dogmas to do it, he saw fit to stimulate the economy behind the shelter of a wage-price freeze at home and a probably fatal blow at the dollar's role as an international currency.

Disorderly as the Johnson-Nixon domestic economy had become by the summer of 1971, the state of the dollar in the world economy was worse, in part because the United States had been following inappropriate *international* economic policies more consistently and for a longer time. One must go back about twenty years to pick up this story, because it was then that the government decided that it wanted to play a role on the world stage that would call for vast military and economic aid expenditures abroad. This decision meant that, for the first time in history, the government began to insert enormous public sector expenditures into the U.S. balance of payments. Not surprisingly, the country began almost at once to run foreign payments deficits. For about ten years, this net outflow of dollars was welcome because it coincided with a worldwide shortage of international liquidity which at the time we called "a dollar shortage."

But in the 1960s the international monetary system ran increasingly into trouble because the supply of dollars became excessive in the Common Market countries. "The dollar shortage" had turned into a "dollar glut," but unfortunately the government at Washington had built large foreign expenditures into the U.S. balance of payments and did not know how to get them out when the international financial environment changed.

Washington could not cut down public sector spending in the U.S. balance of payments because the spending had become almost exclusively military in character by the early 1960s, and at the heart of our foreign policy was the determination to spend whatever might be necessary, at home or abroad, "to defend the world against communism," as somebody once said. The balance of payments figures—when broken down, as in the accompanying table, to differentiate between the private and public sectors—are enlightening on this point.

U.S. Balance of Payments in the 1960s
(given in billions of dollars)

	1960-65 average	1966-70 average
The Private Sector	+1.5	+1.1
The Public Sector		
Military	−2.4	−3.6
Economic aid	−0.3	+0.6
All other government	−0.4	−0.8
Total Public Sector	−3.1	−3.8
U.S. Basic Balance of Payments	−1.6	−2.7

The private sector earned money abroad straight through the decade, although at a lower rate in the second half because by then inflation was sucking in excessive imports, while at the same time forcing American export prices up relative to those of other countries. But the government had been a profligate spender! Its net foreign deficit was more than twice as large as the private sector's net *earnings* in 1960-64 and 3.5 times as large in 1966-70! Some readers who may not be surprised to learn that the U.S. military accounted for 95 per cent of the government's foreign spending in 1966-70, after it had moved seriously into Vietnam, may nevertheless not have realized that 77 per cent of the government's foreign spending was for the military account in 1960-65, before the Asian escalation began. The squandering of dollars in Vietnam only underscores the military's dominance of U.S. balance of payments figures for the entire decade!

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This table shows that in 1966-70, U.S. foreign economic aid was contributing more than half a billion dollars a year of net *earnings* to the U.S. balance of payments, a fact sometimes not grasped even by people otherwise reasonably familiar with the orders of magnitude in the U.S. balance of payments. In the official statistics, foreign aid-related transactions such as gross aid expenditures, U.S. "commercial" exports financed by this aid, repayments of earlier years' foreign aid loans, and interest received by us on outstanding foreign aid loans are scattered through the various accounts, not brought together into one consolidated account as here in the table.

Economic aid-related transactions have not cost the U.S. basic balance of payments anything since 1962; on the contrary, they have been a sizable earning in the account. That has happened because nearly all new flows of aid are tied to the purchase of U.S. exports, while interest payments on outstanding aid loans and repayments of earlier loans have grown steadily by comparison with gross outflows. When President Nixon told the nation in August that he was cutting foreign economic aid by 10 per cent, he did not add that his purpose was to enable the United States to make even more money on its foreign aid transactions than it had in the past.*

Washington was politically unwilling in the 1960s to budge from its overreaction to communism and thus was unable to scale down its foreign military spending. Instead, it sharply *increased* its foreign military spending and found another way out of its difficulties. It sought, and got, a long series of reforms that enabled the international monetary system to cope with larger U.S. deficits in the 1960s than it could have accepted in the 1950s. Quotas in the International Monetary Fund were successively enlarged, the organization was given authority to borrow from creditor countries, Roosa bonds were invented, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York set up its swap network with foreign central banks, we adopted the two-tier gold price and, after long negotiations, the IMF was authorized to issue Special Drawing Rights, or "paper gold." With the dollar buttressed in these various ways, the Johnson administration had international financial elbowroom to escalate in Vietnam, even though this further increased U.S. balance of payments deficits.

The situation did not look at the time quite as stark as I have painted it. In part, that was because the government was poorly served by overoptimistic balance of payments forecasts that kept making the underlying deficit look temporary; in part, it was because most balance of payments analysts stressed almost every item in the book *except* military spending as a cause of the deficit.

Our balance of payments has failed to adjust to developments outside the United States for reasons of foreign policy. But most analysts feel more at home analyzing prices, costs, interest rates, exchange rates and other phenomena of the marketplace than they do analyzing the costs and benefits of foreign policy alternatives. For example, they almost uniformly fail to distinguish between the balance of payments costs of foreign military spending and the balance of payments earnings derived from foreign economic aid, leaving the American people abysmally ill-informed about this crucial distinction. Moreover, most analysts treat the balance of payments costs of U.S. foreign policy as given—that is, they assume the United States has permanently committed itself to a military style of foreign policy.

The general confusion about the U.S. balance of payments has been increased, also, by the lack of a single definition of it. Since 1966, the official Department of Commerce statistics have employed two definitions and in June 1971, the Department replaced these with "a spectrum" of no less than six net balances which it says should be used to interpret the country's complex international financial transactions. But confusion about official definitions aside, the fact that was operationally significant in the world monetary system was that dollars piled up in the hands of the national monetary authorities in Western Europe and Japan. In the mid-1960s the leading continental European countries signaled their unwillingness to accumulate dollars indefinitely, and for several years after 1964 they actually reduced their holdings. Then, as a result of confusions associated with European currency realignments in 1967-70, and of continuing deficits in the U.S. balance of payments, their dollar holdings began to rise sharply again.

In late 1970, after a massive return flow of Eurodollars from the United States to Europe, Europe was, in the words of the London *Economist*, "awash with dollars." In 1971, the dollar outflow increased further, and in early August, when the Congressional Joint Economic Committee recommended that the dollar be devalued, the rush of dollar holders to safer currencies reached the proportions of a stampede. In a frantic effort to support the value of the dollar, as required by the rules of the IMF, central banks in Western Europe and Japan bought up in single days as many dollars as they would have ordinarily expected to buy in an entire year!

Thus occurred another monetary crisis—this one precipitated by a lack of confidence in Johnson-Nixon economics and focused more explicitly than earlier ones on the dollar's role as an international currency. The crisis provided a dramatic occasion for Nixon to stride forward and cut three Gordian knots with one broadcast —he could attack unemployment by stimulating the economy, he could attack inflation by imposing a wage-price freeze, and he could attack the dollar problem by telling foreigners that it was really their fault in the first place, and that they should decide what to do about it.

One need not linger over details of the violence done the established international monetary order. The dollar needed to be devalued, and that would have required Congress to raise the price of gold. However, Congress would probably have refused, so the trick was to devise a technique that would force other countries to revalue (i.e., raise the values of) their currencies. If Washington

*The general magnitudes of the figures in the table, which are compiled from official U.S. balance of payments statistics, are confirmed by broadly parallel (but not identical) figures on U.S. governmental agencies' "gold budgets" as compiled by the U.S. Bureau of the Budget and published for a few years in the 1960s. According to the Bureau, in 1963-65 the Department of Defense accounted for 70 per cent, and the U.S. aid agencies for 10 per cent, of all governmental departments' regular foreign expenditures; in 1968, the last year "gold budget" figures were published, the Department of Defense share had risen to 96 per cent and the aid agencies were showing $900 million of net earnings abroad.

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could force the major industrial countries to revalue far enough, the effect would be the same for the United States as if the dollar had been devalued. But until August 15, 1971, the dollar's value nominally depended on its link to gold. Therefore, Washington had to break that link by suspending the convertibility. Gold convertibility had become an anomaly in any event, since by 1971 gold had taken on the role of a fifth wheel in the world's monetary system. Exchange rates, not gold, are the counters in the international money game.

How was Washington to force the other leading Western-oriented countries to march to its new tune? By using the only economic clout it had left: access to the large and profitable American market. Accordingly, access to the U.S. market was hobbled by imposing a "temporary" 10 per cent surcharge on their dutiable exports. Washington could then, it hoped, use this surcharge as a stick to beat other countries into (*1*) adopting the exchange rates the United States wants; (*2*) modifying such of their trade policies as Washington does not like; and (*3*) increasing their foreign military spending. "Do as we say on these matters or the 10 per cent surcharge stays on." It would be hard to imagine a clearer case of the Vietnamese War mentality being applied to financial and economic matters. "We're the biggest. We're number one. We will do what we like. And you had better do what we like, too. Or else."

That, in brief, is the story of the Nixon policy that finally divorced the dollar from gold. It also put an end to the fledgling dollar standard which, historians will say, was stillborn because it would have required a minimal amount of financial stability—and civility toward other participating countries—on the part of the key currency country. Nixon's move may also herald the end of American adherence to the principle of reciprocity in international economic matters which successive administrations have followed since it was introduced to the field of international trade by Secretary of State Cordell Hull in 1934. Such successes as Washington achieved in the monetary field in the 1960s came because it adhered to the policy of reciprocity in the IMF and in the Group of Ten. However, the principle was under attack before August 15, 1971, by "academic scribblers"—to use one of Keynes's felicitous phrases—who were advising the government to discard it in favor of a policy of "benign neglect" toward balance of payments and dollar problems. "After all, we are so big and so strong that other countries determine their currency exchange rates against our dollar, not against gold. This means that our exchange rate is the composite of the exchange rates they set against us. Therefore, we can ignore our own balance of payments, and if they, out there, don't like the size of our deficits they know what they can do. They can, for example, appreciate their currencies against the dollar, and if enough of them do so, we shall have maneuvered them into effectively devaluing the dollar for us." Nixon's broadcast started us down this road. It leads straight back to the dismal economic nationalism that plagued the world of the 1930s. □

KENT STATE

CITIZENS BATTLE FOR JUSTICE

PETER DAVIES
Mr. Davies, born in England, is a self-employed insurance broker who became an American citizen in 1966. He has three sons, all younger than 10.

It has been said by James Michener, among others, that what happened at Kent State University last year was inevitable; that the increasing animosity between dissenting students and angry adults was bound to culminate in tragedy. Outside agitators and hard-core revolutionaries were manipulating this animosity, Michener claimed, to the point where deadly confrontation became inescapable. That it happened at Kent State, however, was purely accidental.

But this theory overlooks the fact that the Ohio National Guard was armed with live ammunition. In 1970 only Arkansas and Ohio authorized their militia to carry loaded weapons in every civil disturbance situation, regardless of locale or gravity of the disorder. These two states were disregarding guidelines laid down by the Department of the Army and consequently made possible the kind of indiscriminate shooting that occurred at Kent State on May 4, 1970. It can be reasonably argued, therefore, that the deaths at Kent State were caused not by a conflict between life styles but rather by the refusal of Ohio Adjutant General, Sylvester Del Corso, to be guided by the Pentagon's specific advice.

Officialdom's increasing willingness to rely on unrestrained force as the solution to controlling dissent and preventing crime is being encouraged by public approval and a few powerful elements of the news media. That is the law of force, and it has brought us from Kent State to Jackson State, to the massacre at Attica. It remains to be seen whether, aroused by the horrors of Attica, those who subscribe to the force of law will at last demand that our judicial system be allowed to assess responsibility for all the deaths since May of last year.

The tragedy at Kent State not only shocked me, as it did many Americans; it also challenged my conscience. The recklessness of the shooting was all too evident in the distances at which students were hit. None was closer to the National Guard than 60 feet and Donald MacKenzie was placed by the FBI some 730 feet from the Pagoda, where the Guard was massed. John Kifner, a reporter for *The New York Times*, was standing but a few

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yards from Jeffrey Miller and could just as easily have been killed. Any parent of a Kent State student could have lost a son or daughter in those thirteen seconds, yet far too many refused to believe the circumstances under which the shooting occurred. They were quick to accept the explanations of Del Corso and Gen. Robert Canterbury, only to learn later that there were no snipers, that the Guard was not surrounded and that their lives were not in danger.

Within a week of the killings, the father of Allison Krause, one of the two girls who died at Kent State, responded to my letter of sympathy and together we took up the challenge to our conscience and to our understanding of law. For ten months we expended time and money, which neither of us could really afford, in a seemingly hopeless effort to make the government fulfill its obligations to the Constitution. As the months dragged by, our conviction that the gunfire was totally unnecessary was confirmed, first by the Justice Department's summary of the FBI investigations and then by the President's Commission on Campus Unrest. Not only was it unnecessary; it was termed "inexcusable." Thirteen students had been inexcusably shot, but those who did the shooting could not be called to account.

Last March, Rev. John Adams, director of the Department of Law, Justice and Community Relations of the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church, joined our quest for justice. His many months of work on the Jackson State tragedy and on other cases of social injustice had won him experience that proved invaluable to us. He arranged meetings with Justice Department officials, at which we were led to believe the Department was still reviewing the Kent State case and had not reached a decision on the convening of a federal grand jury.

Earlier, I had begun to study all available material on the Kent State tragedy, and as I went through the official reports, the testimony of witnesses to both the President's commission and the Kent State commission, I compiled a book of detailed notes regarding the conduct of the Ohio National Guard during the one hour preceding the fatal volley. Comparing more than 100 photographs taken on May 4 with the testimony of witnesses, I found that the reports strongly suggested that the gunfire was initiated by some eight or more Guardsmen, the last ones to reach the Pagoda on the Guard's march back to the Commons. I could find nothing to support the claims of self-defense, nor could I find any explanation for the sudden, coordinated about-face made by these few men. Futhermore, several photos revealed that these particular Guardsmen had gone back some 15 feet toward the so-called threat to their lives. Such a movement, I concluded, was not consistent with the theory that the men were shooting to protect themselves from a charging mob about to overwhelm them—which Canterbury had given as the reason his troops fired.

At a meeting with Richard Kleindienst, U.S. Deputy Attorney General, John Adams told him there were compelling grounds for believing that collusion had occurred, at least on the part of several Guardsmen, and that we wished to submit our ideas to the Department before a decision was made on the convening of a grand jury. Kleindienst suggested that we submit them, in the form of a substantial document, to David Norman, at that time Acting Assistant Attorney General and head of the Civil Rights Division. Mr. Norman, we were informed, still had the Kent State matter under "intensive" review.

It was about this time that James Michener's *Kent State: What Happened and Why* was published. Reading it, I came across a startling suggestion: Michener wrote that it seemed likely "some kind of rough verbal agreement" had been made on the football practice field to shoot a few minutes later. In other words the fusillade might very well have been the consequence of a conspiracy. At another point in the book Michener claims that just about everything that happened on May 4, 1970

The Washington Post

is known, "save for the crucial matter" of whether or not there was a decision made to fire at the demonstrators. He goes on to say that he very much doubts the Guardsmen will be able to maintain their wall of silence indefinitely, and that some time in the future one of them will talk and thereby release "a flood of testimony." Michener, unlike myself, spent several months in Kent and had at his command the resources of a *Reader's Digest* investigative team. For him to conclude from the material gathered that a decision to shoot was quite possibly made some five or ten minutes beforehand deeply impressed me, because it explained so well the conduct of those few Guardsmen during their climb to the crest of Blanket Hill and their sudden turnabout in the vicinity of the Pagoda.

By early June I had consolidated results of my research into a 227-page report, which included some seventy of the photographs I had used as reference, and submitted the document to John Adams' Department of Law, Justice and Community Relations. Because it

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seemed evident that Attorney General Mitchell had decided against a grand jury investigation, the report was printed and a limited number of copies issued. On June 21, Adams presented my "Appeal for Justice" to David Norman, and the following day I delivered copies to the offices of Mitchell and Kleindienst. One month went by during which we did not receive so much as an acknowledgement from anyone in the Justice Department, and on July 22, we reluctantly decided to release the report to the press. A few reporters had learned of its existence and their questions regarding its content contributed to our decision to make it public.

The press response far exceeded anything we had anticipated, and suggested to us that journalists had been far from satisfied by the official explanation of the killings. For almost a year Justice Department spokesmen had been telling newsmen that a decision on Kent State would be announced at the "appropriate time," and three days after the report was released, the Dayton *Daily News* asked editorially when the time is appropriate for justice at Kent State. It continued: "It is appalling and it is strange that the U.S. Justice Department continues to balk. Decency and preservation of the good name of 'law' itself require such issues be met." A few weeks later, after Congress had recessed and was safely out of town, Mitchell answered the Dayton *Daily News* at 4 o'clock on a Friday afternoon.

The government could find no "credible evidence" of a conspiracy and little hope for successful prosecution of individual Guardsmen. Although agreeing that the shooting was "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable," Mitchell closed the file and expressed the hope that such a tragedy would not happen again. This remark moved *Time* to observe that, after spending more than a year in intensive investigation and study of Kent State, all the Justice Department could produce for its labors was a "pious wish."

The Akron *Beacon Journal* complained: "It is Mr. Mitchell who has absolved the National Guard of blame—not a grand jury or federal court." And *The Christian Science Monitor* said: "Mitchell's burial action at the weekend" will "likely haunt the Nixon Administration for a long time to come." James F. Ahern, a member of the President's commission, told *The New York Times* in late July that there was no question in his mind that the first single shot described by witnesses was a signal to shoot; he added, "At the very least it's manslaughter." After Mitchell's announcement, Ahern expressed his dismay at the obvious failure of our judicial process in the case. To Ramsey Clark the Kent State tragedy represented "a total breakdown in our system of justice." Nevertheless, both the federal government and the state of Ohio refused to implement existing laws.

At the federal level, my report suggested that there had been a possible violation of Section 241 of the U.S. Code, Title 18. Mr. Mitchell disagreed. However, in doing so he made no reference to Section 242 of the same Code which, in Mitchell's conclusion that the shooting was "inexcusable," must surely have been violated. Section 242 provides for federal prosecution of anyone "acting under color of law" who "willfully deprives" any "inhabitants of any state" of any rights secured by the Constitution or laws of the United States.

At the state level, Section 2923.55 of the Ohio Revised Code specifically states that law-enforcement officers "are guiltless for killing, maiming or injuring a rioter as a consequence of the use of such force as is necessary and proper to suppress the riot or disperse or apprehend rioters." No court in Ohio has yet been permitted to determine (*a*) if there was in fact a riot on May 4, 1970; (*b*) if all the students shot were indeed rioters, and (*c*) if the force used, assuming the court found there was a riot, was both necessary and proper. The Ohio grand jury never addressed itself to the question of whether or not all the students shot were rioters, and now that the official investigations have unanimously concluded the volley was "unnecessary, unwarranted and inexcusable" it becomes imperative that the force of law be applied to this case in a public trial.

For seventeen months Arthur Krause and I have worked within the system to make it work. We were joined by courageous men like John Adams and gradually by other Kent State parents as they realized the enormity of their government's failure. As Mrs. Schroeder bitterly observed after Mitchell's decison to do nothing, "Now we know the Justice Department is capable of fraud and deceit." It is indeed, and our failure to force elected officials and their appointed ministers to uphold their oaths of office is a frightening reflection on the quality of our government today.

In September our labors were rewarded with a $3 million libel and slander suit against the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church and myself. The plaintiff, Sgt. Myron C. Pryor of the Ohio National Guard, alleged I had made allegations, inferences and statements about his role in the tragedy with "malice" against him. The complaint, filed in Federal District Court in New York County, further alleged that the board and I had conspired to publish, circulate and distribute the report "knowing" these statements to be "false" or with "a reckless disregard" for the truth. In response to the action Dr. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary of the Board of Christian Social Concerns, said: "We will resist the suit with all appropriate legal action. We will make it very clear that the purpose of our release of the study was to bring the whole matter into public discussion and to get the facts. And insofar as the case will bring the matter under judicial scrutiny, we think is may serve a useful purpose."

Millions of words have been written about this tragedy, but they have not moved the government to respond in the manner one expects when four young men and women lose their lives to the law of force. Nevertheless, I am convinced justice will eventually be done, and the recent petition to President Nixon is testimony to the depth of student concern more than eighteen months after the tragedy. Paul Keane and Greg Rambo, two Kent State students, obtained 10,380 signatures for their appeal to the President that he convene a federal grand jury, and this month the Law Students Council at New York launched a nationwide petition in support of the students and faculty at Kent State. Perhaps the most significant aspect of these developments is the fact that the man who was chief of the Kent State police at the time of the disorders has signed the petition. Dr. Glenn Olds, president of Kent State University, personally presented it to Leonard Garment at the White House a month ago. □

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STORMONT ON BRITAIN'S BACK

ANDREW BOYD
Mr. Boyd writes on politics and economics for the New Statesman, Tribune, The Economist, Spectator, *and widely in the Irish press on both sides of the border. He is the author of* Holy War in Belfast.

Belfast

Ian Paisley may have been right when he said, on October 30, that the abolition of the Northern Ireland Parliament and Government and the imposition of direct rule from Westminster were near. He claimed that he was speaking on the "best authority," and that might well be so, because it is said that he gets his information on such matters from Enoch Powell or from someone else high in the ranks of the British Tory Party.

But neither Edward Heath, the British Prime Minister, nor Reginald Maudling, the Home Secretary, have given any indication that they intend to abolish Stormont and end the Premiership of Brian Faulkner. Both Heath and Maudling still seem to regard direct rule as "the last resort," yet they must also realize by now that Northern Ireland is a burden which, politically and financially, the British cannot afford to carry much longer. The British public know that it is costing them about £500 million a year to subsidize Northern Ireland's social services, pay the expenses of the Stormont administration, and maintain 12,500 soldiers on duty in the Six Counties.

Demands for the withdrawal of the British troops and the complete disengagement of Britain from Ireland have been growing among the British opposition since this procedure was first suggested as a desperate remedy by Paul Johnston in the *New Statesman* a few months ago and later taken up by Richard Crossman. But reports in the British national newspapers during the first week of November suggested that James Callaghan, the former Labour Home Secretary, and Harold Wilson both now favor the abolition of Stormont, direct rule, and the eventual withdrawal of the troops.

Brian Faulkner, the Stormont Premier, seems terrified by the thought of direct rule. That is why he flew to London on November 4 for a hasty conference with Wilson and Callaghan. He knows that once Stormont is abolished, his political career is finished. The Orange Order, of which he is a stalwart and long-standing member, becomes useless as a political institution; the constituent Unionist associations throughout Northern Ireland, geared as they are to the fifty-two Stormont constituencies, become irrelevant.

It is reasonable to assume that, once abolished, the Stormont Parliament would never be reconstituted. The British must surely have had enough of what has been for them a costly and embarrassing experiment in devolutionary government. They never intended that the separate parliament for Northern Ireland would be permanent, yet they, and the people of all Ireland, have been saddled with it for fifty years.

When Stormont goes, the future of Northern Ireland will be decided by the Parliament at Westminster and by the governments in Dublin and in London, and it is conceivable that they would make an agreement that would, through time, end the partition of Ireland. That is what the Unionists are afraid of; that is why they do not trust Westminster.

Mr. Faulkner told foreign journalists on October 28 that direct rule "would be regarded by most people in Northern Ireland as a move toward Dublin rule and the result of that would be civil war." He was, as usual, sufficiently ambiguous to conceal whether he meant that civil war would follow direct rule from Westminster or that it would come when Westminster handed control of Northern Ireland over to a Dublin government.

The Unionists want no change in what they regard as "the constitution of Northern Ireland." To them such proposed reforms as proportional representation, community government, a coalition of Unionists and others, and direct rule all threaten their power. When moderate changes in the constitution were being discussed a few months ago, Martin Smith, leader of the Orangemen, and Ian Paisley began to organize the Protestant backlash. Smith organized the mass signing of a "covenant" similar in tone to the seditious document which Carson and his Unionist followers issued against Irish Home Rule in 1912. Paisley advised his followers to hold on to their guns.

The reactions of Smith and Paisley to constitutional reforms merely underlined the fact that the Unionists, for all their professed loyalty to Britain, are—and indeed always have been—potential rebels. Even Patrick Pearse, who led the Sinn Fein Rebellion in 1916, recognized that they were rebels and hoped, during the 1912 Home Rule crisis, that they would come into armed conflict with the British troops. He was ready to support Carson's Provisional Government if it were made a provisional government for all Ireland, and not for the North alone.

In those days the Unionists insisted that their "loyalty" went beyond observance of a mere Act of Parliament. What they meant was that the British Parliament might be wrong in legislation it proposed for Ireland, but that the loyalists of Ulster could never be wrong. "Ulster will fight," said the unspeakable Randolph Churchill in 1886, "and Ulster will be right." Today, Unionists and ultra-Unionists like Faulkner, Craig, Smith and Paisley echo his words. But however right they may imagine themselves to be, the question is—will they fight? They showed little inclination to fight at Dungiven last July when they fled in their bowler hats and Orange regalia from the British troops. But they were in a fighting mood at Burntollet Bridge in the winter of 1969 when their enemies were young students on a protest march and when they had the protection of the armed Royal Ulster Constabulary. They were brave when they burned the undefended houses of Catholic working people in Bombay Street in August of that year.

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Heath and Maudling, Wilson and Callaghan may, however, sincerely believe that if they abolished Stormont their troops would have to face that Protestant backlash with which they have so often been threatened. They may feel, further, that the abolition of Stormont is what the Provisional IRA wants and may be reluctant therefore to take such action. More likely, they may be afraid that when Stormont is abolished London will be seen by the whole world as directly responsible for the chaos and repression that prevails in Northern Ireland.

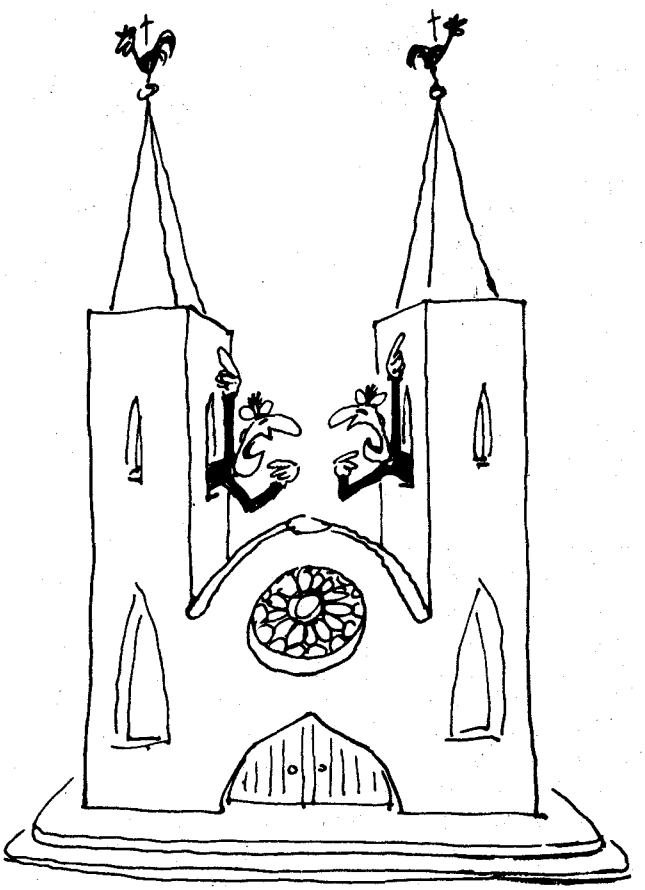
As long as Stormont remains, Westminster can tell the world that the government of Northern Ireland is the responsible authority and that Britain is merely trying to encourage reforms. That is why, despite overwhelming evidence that the Northern Ireland system of government can never be reformed, Maudling insists that improvements can be made "within the existing framework." But he has also admitted that the Unionists have had too much power and that constitutional changes should be made to insure for the Catholic minority a permanent and effective role in government. This suggestion is what caused Smith to organize his covenant and Paisley to reach for his gun.

The existing framework which Maudling refers to is the Government of Ireland Act which established the government and Parliament of Northern Ireland in their present form and transferred extensive powers from the Parliament of Westminster to the Parliament of Northern Ireland. Any reforms that Maudling might propose to make within the present constitutions would, therefore, require amending the Government of Ireland Act. As such amendments would be the work of the British Parliament, there would be a long parliamentary debate, for the first time in fifty years, on the place of Northern Ireland within the United Kingdom.

Not only would the internal structure of the Six Counties be open to parliamentary examination but the relationship of Northern Ireland to the Republic of Ireland, on the one hand, and to Britain on the other, would be closely debated. The Unionists would certainly not like that. Their system of government, as the Report of the Cameron Commission has proven, does not stand up to close examination.

Among the reforms which Maudling has been thinking might be possible within the "existing constitutional framework" are the restoration of proportional representation, which was abolished by the Northern Ireland Parliament in 1929, and the creation of some form of community or multi-party government in place of the Unionist one-party system. But both these reforms would fail. In Northern Ireland, with the present rigid division of the community into "Protestant loyalists" and others, proportional representation would be worthless, because to succeed it requires a discerning electorate that will vote for each candidate as much on personal merits as on political outlook.

There is no such electorate in Northern Ireland. Candidates in elections are judged by the Unionist voters not on their political ability but on the intensity of their religious bigotry. Today, with the future of Northern Ireland most clearly threatened, the more militantly Protestant and ultra-Unionist a candidate shows himself to



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be, the better chance of being elected. Moreover, the voters of the Protestant urban ghettos, if presented with a list of candidates of all parties in a multi-member constituency, would be unlikely to extend their preferences beyond the Unionists. They would simply not vote for the non-Unionist candidates. The more enlightened and presumably better educated Protestants of the middle-class constituencies would also be loath to vote for Catholic candidates, or indeed for any candidate not judged to "be sound on the constitutional issue." In the rural constituencies the division between loyalists and anti-Unionists is as rigid as in the towns. Proportional representation would not soften prejudices.

Prof. Richard Rose in his recently published study of politics in Northern Ireland, *Government Without Consensus*, has shown that there is little or no middle ground of moderation between the militant Unionists and the anti-Unionists. Until the present disturbances started, the Catholics were probably more flexible with their votes than were the Protestants. Some middle-class Catholics may have voted Unionist. Working-class Catholics never voted Unionist, but they did vote Nationalist, Labour, Socialist, Republican, even Communist, without taking the candidate's religion into consideration. They may be less disposed to do so now.

The people of Northern Ireland have been driven apart into two totally estranged communities. With a few exceptions, such as the members of the Alliance Party or of the New Ulster Movement, most of the once moderate Protestants have become militants, if not in action at least in sympathies and outlook. Catholic opinion has

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been similarly consolidated. Proportional representation would, therefore, have so little effect as to make no difference to the established pattern of Northern politics.

Mr. Maudling's suggested community government or government of all the parties would be equally impotent. The Unionists, including Faulkner himself, have already destroyed the concept of community government by declaring that they would have nothing to do with any government that included anti-partitionists. The Catholics, for their part, have made it clear that they will have nothing whatever to do with any kind of Stormont government. They want the whole system abolished.

Faulkner tried to broaden his government by appointing David Bleakley, a former Labour member of the Northern Ireland Parliament, to his Cabinet as Minister of Community Relations. It made no difference. Bleakley was given an impossible task because the speeches and attitudes of his colleagues in the Cabinet undermined the whole purpose of his department. The internment of anti-Unionists without trial, which began on August 9, made community relations impossible.

Now Faulkner hopes, by the recent appointment to his Cabinet of G. B. Newe, a well-known Catholic who has accepted the partition of Ireland, to convince Maudling that he is still interested in some form of community government. But the appointment of Newe is even more irrelevant than the appointment of Bleakley. Bleakley was at least a politician, and although he was not a member of the Northern Ireland Parliament when he was given the Ministry, he was a former member and had had years of political experience. G. B. Newe, a social welfare worker, never stood for a parliamentary or local government in his life. And he no more represents the political views of Northern Ireland's Catholics than do Paisley and Martin Smith represent their religious outlook. No doubt Newe considers that he is setting an example in Christian forbearance by joining Faulkner's government, but politically his appointment is of no consequence. No other Catholic is likely either to be offered a post or to follow his example.

And even if Faulkner did manage, with the support of Maudling and Heath, to induce other nonelected politicians to join his Cabinet, the experiment could, under the terms of the Government of Ireland Act, last no more than six months because that is the longest time that anyone who is not a member of the Northern Ireland Parliament can serve as a Cabinet minister. To maintain such a government there would have to be a kind of revolving-door system, with some nonelected Cabinet members moving out as new appointees moved in.

Maudling's plans for proportional representation and for what he believes would be power sharing are therefore not realistic. It is merely another stratagem by which Westminster hopes to avoid direct rule. It is bound to fail because the experience of fifty years of Unionist rule has proven that, if democracy is ever to be established in the Six Counties, Stormont must be abolished. The choice before Maudling and Heath is direct rule or the more drastic step of ending partition and supporting the creation of an entirely new form of government for all Ireland. Westminster will risk neither and must continue with the dangerous, expensive and indeed impossible task of making the Stormont system work. □

ALBANY'S FIX

The Cops Can't Find the Pusher

K. SCOTT CHRISTIANSON
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Albany, N.Y.

October 18 was opening day of the Knapp Commission hearings into New York City police corruption. On that same morning, in Albany, the *Knickerbocker News-Union Star* launched a two-week series on the relationship in the state's capital between heroin and police corruption. The first story began: ". . . local drug enforcement here is a monumental flop—heroin availability and use are soaring; major pushers remain free to brazenly peddle their wares; drug-related crime and serious police corruption are spreading out of control." Policemen in Albany were quoted as saying what policemen in New York City were admitting before cameras: It's easier for a cop to become crooked than to remain honest.

Narcotics corruption is the newest and most lucrative variant of an age-old affliction; most observers consider it the worst. If New York and Albany are any indication, every city and suburb would do well to examine its own vulnerability to drugs and crime waves. (On November 10, radio station WSB in Atlanta announced that it would air a few nights later an hour-long news special, "Atlanta's Drug Problem—What Do We Do About It?" Atlanta, the press release stated, has become known as the "drug center" for its region.)

Albany has a population of 100,000 and a police department of 240 men, five of whom comprise the city's narcotics enforcement unit. Since the 1960 census, the city's population has dropped 11.4 per cent. During the same decade, the ratio of blacks has risen 36.1 per cent —a reflection of the influx from Dixie that prevails everywhere in the North, and the continuing flight of whites to suburbia. With the ghetto's expansion—downtown Albany is now without one movie theatre and has lost many of its great restaurants and other old landmarks—narcotics problems have understandably skyrocketed.

Albany's venereal disease rates now surpass those of New York City. A major reason, of course, is a sharp

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escalation in prostitution—one of the city's few older trades that have grown, not died. There are more prostitutes now because more and more women must sell their bodies to buy dope.

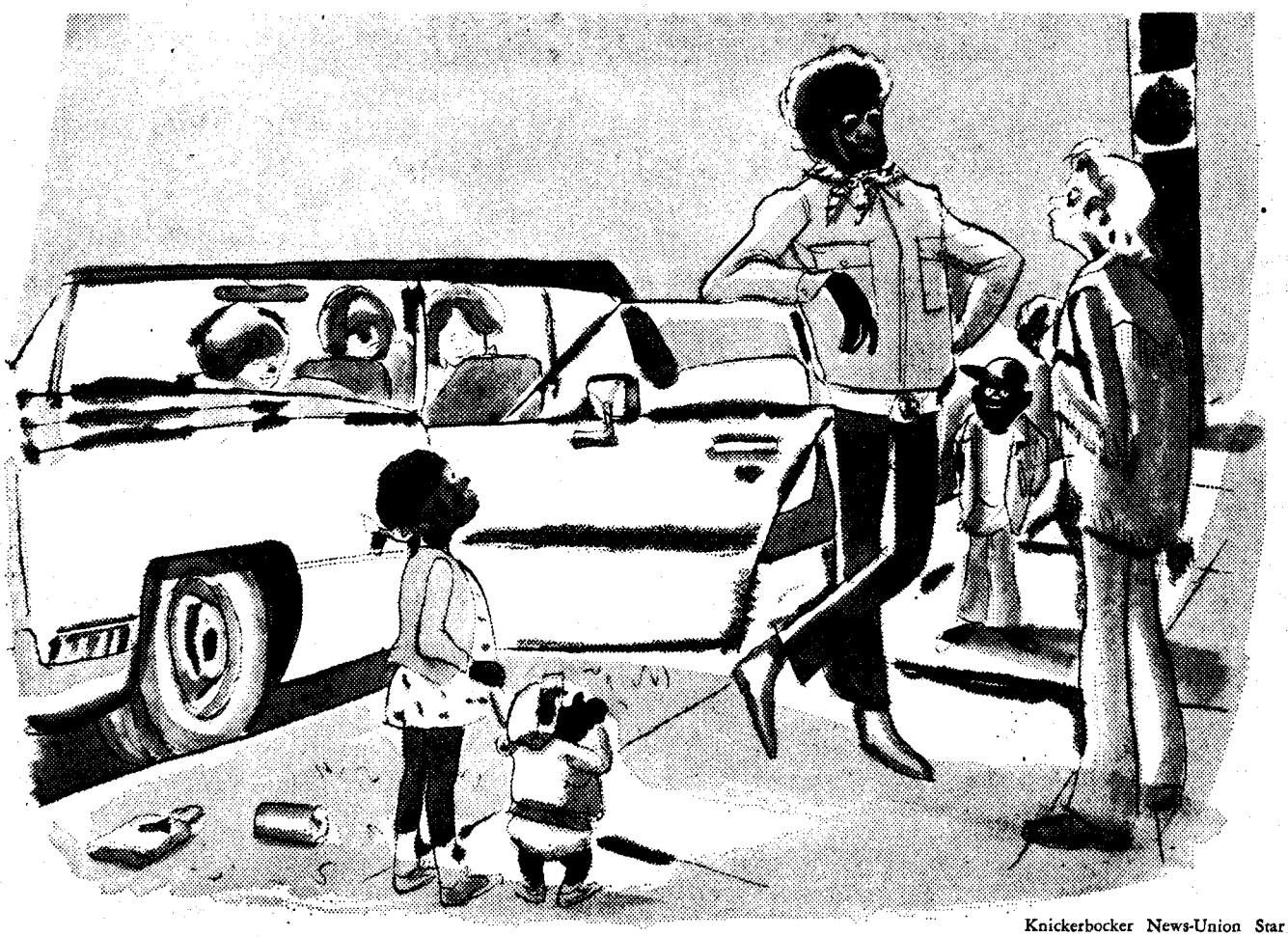
William P. Brown, professor of criminal justice at the State University of New York, Albany [see "The Golden Arm of the Law," *The Nation*, October 25] agrees with other criminologists that recent police corruption disclosures are symptomatic of serious breakdowns throughout the criminal justice system, particularly in the narcotics sphere. Nationwide, drug addiction is said to account for 50 to 80 per cent of all crime. Many black militants say police and politicians are confused and that the real culprit is poverty. Nevertheless, narcotics are most responsible for overburdened court calendars across the country.

When mixed with crooked police, dope induces a cynicism that fosters contempt for all law enforcement—and a bonanza for organized criminals. Heroin and police corruption are both toxic in themselves—when combined, they can be lethal. Dr. Francis A. J. Ianni, professor of education at Columbia University's Teachers College, has noted that surveys of Harlem schoolchildren reveal some alarming ghetto attitudes toward narcotic enforcement. Most slum kids attribute the narcotics problem to a genocidal conspiracy against the blacks, initiated by the white power structure and brought off with the help of the police. Militant Albany blacks imply the same. They ask: "Why is it? A two-bit junkie from Memphis, Tenn., or Kalamazoo, Mich., comes here and buys dope in half an hour. But the cops can't get to the same pusher, even though he's been the biggest dealer here for years."

The Albany newspaper broke the local story with the aid of the same kind of fed-up policemen and former policemen who have testified before the Knapp Commission. After more than three months of probing, during which 300 persons were interviewed, it published ten articles about police corruption, prostitution and other drug-related crimes.

Reaction to the series, which ended on October 28, was intense. With Election Day for several county offices little more than a week off, Mayor Erastus Corning II attacked the disclosures as "trash," "yellow journalism" and "horror science fiction." He also admitted, "There's no question that there are statements that are true." After attributing a good part of his party's election defeats to the stories, Corning wired Governor Rockefeller to demand an immediate investigation of the charges. But the State Commission of Investigation had already announced it was doing just that, and refused to comment any further.

Meanwhile, the newspaper had received heavy response from a number of policemen. Cops referred to as crooked in the series passed threats back through middlemen, but the real surprise was the number of young, uniformed patrolmen who encouraged the paper to keep



Knickerbocker News-Union Star

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up the probe. Readers, reacting in battalions, also supported it.

Perhaps the most alarming disclosure came from a former city narcotics squad informant—most alarming because of the iceberg tip it may have represented. For security reasons, the informant was identified only as a person whose information had resulted in numerous felony convictions for Albany detectives, and whose reliability had been upheld by a judge as sufficient to justify the issuance of search warrants. The informant said:

> Detective J, Albany narco squad, told me he wanted all my information in writing, so I typed it up for him. It had everything in there. Next thing I know, Mr. X [who law authorities have identified as "one of the area's biggest pushers"] comes up to me on the street with this stack of papers. "You recognize these?" he says. I said, "What you talkin' about, man—I never seen them." But it scared holy hell out of me, 'cause them was the same papers I gave Detective J. You could tell by the lousy typewriting and it was the same exact paper. I just told him I didn't know what he was talking about and walked away like I didn't care, but then he [Mr. X] put the word out he wants to see me. That it's real important. . . .

Three other former informants charged that city detectives had intentionally "blown their covers," or set them up to be killed by pushers. The story detailed cases in which crooked detectives had tipped off pushers and pimps about scheduled raids.

In one case, an honest detective—head of the narcotics squad and an award-winning officer—received word from a reliable confidential informant that the city's biggest pusher would arrive from New York at such and such a time, carrying a large quantity of heroin. The informant furnished the pusher's planned route, enabling the detective and his partner to set up a stakeout on the New York State Thruway.

But as they awaited the pusher's arrival, they received a radio call from police headquarters, telling them that Detective D and Detective G said they had received word from the informant that the plan was off. The pair abandoned the stakeout and returned home, where the detective received a telephone call from the informant, who was angry that the pusher had not been arrested. Perplexed, the detective related the message he had received from D and G. The informant denied having made such a call and added that the pusher had arrived on schedule with the heroin.

The detective reported the matter to the police chief, with the result that D and G were advised to redeem themselves by arresting the pusher. They obtained a search warrant and proceeded to his home where, they said, they witnessed him injecting heroin into his arm.

The quantity of drugs seized was small, because by the time the arrest was made, the shipment had been distributed. The pusher was arrested, tried, and received a seven-year conviction, but because of trial complications his case stands a chance of being reversed on appeal.

Shortly after the arrest, the same detective who had gone looking for his man on the Thruway obtained evidence that G was continually shaking down prostitutes and tipping off pushers and pimps about scheduled drug and vice raids. He arranged for a conversation to be tape-recorded in which an informant gave first-hand knowledge of such things, mentioning several specific cases. G was reported to the chief again, but the latter steadfastly refused to take disciplinary action, even after the tape was played.

Disgusted and afraid for his own safety, the detective immediately turned in his shield, as did his partner. But the crowning insult was yet to come—a week later, G's partner, close friend and neighbor, Detective D, was promoted to replace the honest detective.

Overt narcotics corruption was found to be a new but rapidly growing phenomenon in Albany, but allied to prostitution, which appears to be the main source of police corruption. Many city detectives have long collected large sums from brothels and streetwalkers to ignore what has traditionally been considered a "victimless" crime. Even now, when an estimated one-half of the city's several hundred whores are known to be addicts and forced to resort to robberies and other crimes, police have failed to crack down.

Extensive interviews with Albany policemen and hookers alike revealed some interesting correlations. The biggest heroin dealers were known to be the biggest pimps; they often used whores to traffic in dope for them. Asked why the biggest pushers had been so successful at avoiding arrest, one patrolman replied: "The pushers have the girls [prostitutes] and the girls are paying the cops. If the cops bust the pushers, they take money out of their own pockets."

Another important reason for this relative immunity is that in Albany, as in most cities with a major narcotics problem, heroin is found principally in the black slum. There are no black policemen on Albany's narcotics squad and infiltration is therefore very difficult. Good informants are hard to find and harder to keep. Top dealers are cautious: they often use junkies and prostitutes to act as their couriers; they seldom sell to strangers —especially white ones.

Some pushers carry large sums of "fall money," designed to bribe policemen, if caught. Some become informants, in order to help the police make the necessary number of arrests while themselves keeping clear of trouble. Albany's top pusher and pimp, a four-time offender, managed to escape a possible life prison term by wrongfully claiming to be an addict, and thus having himself sent to a state rehabilitation clinic.

The dilemma of many Albany cops extends beyond the laws and procedures that have put all policemen at marked disadvantage. "The men are afraid to talk," one veteran said. "It's because the party plays so dirty—they let the men become corrupt and actually want them to, so they can keep them under their thumb. The men are scared to move as a result—they've got too much to hide." Others complained of codes of silence that made corruption even more inevitable.

From Harlem and Albany's Arbor Hill, to slums in every city of any size, heroin is being sold, and being seen on sale, every day by thousands of people. Yet law enforcement's resources aren't working, and the failure of police to interfere with the traffic is ruining a great many lives and destroying respect for all law. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Means of Grace

MAURICE. *By E. M. Forster. W. W. Norton & Co. 256 pp. $6.95.*

VIVIAN MERCIER
Mr. Mercier teaches 20th-Century British and Irish literature at the University of Colorado. His latest book, The New Novel: From Queneau to Pinget, *was published this year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

If you are interested enough in Forster to want to read his posthumous novel for yourself, it might be a good idea not to read this review or any other beforehand. *Maurice* is a hard book to make up one's mind about, even when read without prejudices or preconceptions. I would further suggest that you avert your eyes from the jacket copy and not read Forster's "Terminal Note" until you have finished the novel. In that way you will at least preserve your ignorance; it is, of course, impossible to recapture the innocence with which a comparable reader of 1914 would have received—or, more likely, rejected—*Maurice* in the year it was originally completed. (Forster considerably revised the end of the manuscript in later years.) Attitudes toward homosexuality have changed greatly in the last half-century, as we are all aware. Forster's terminal note, written in 1960, makes the too-bitter comment that the attitude of heterosexuals has changed "from ignorance and terror to familiarity and contempt." He might have been pleased to see the New York publishers' lists for Fall 1971: almost every major house has announced one or more books sympathetic to homosexuality. But the very existence of the Gay Liberation Front proclaims that the attitude of homosexuals toward themselves has changed more radically than that of heterosexuals. Maurice's thoughts after he has become Alec's lover were undoubtedly true to life in 1914: "Oh, the situation was disgusting—of that he was certain, and indeed never wavered till the end of his life."

Actually, there is an ambiguity here: the fact that Alec is a man may not disgust Maurice so much as the fact that he is a gamekeeper. The English—and the Anglo-Irish—are prone to mix sodomy with snobbery. Oscar Wilde, a member of the middle classes even though his father had been knighted, was proud of becoming the lover of Lord Alfred Douglas—and almost certainly of other young aristocrats as well. Conversely, Maurice seems to be repeating another familiar middle-class pattern: his father belonged to a generation who expected children from their wives and sexual pleasure from their housemaids. (Forster alludes on p. 213 to an escapade of Maurice's father, but no such episode appears earlier in the novel as now published.) P. N. Furbank, Forster's official biographer, has said that Forster "achieved physical sex very late and found it easier with people outside his own social class. . . ." The implications of this quote are at least twofold: Forster must have regarded physical sex as coarse in itself and thus excusable and enjoyable only with coarser beings, the "lower" classes. If the author had been an upper-class woman, one would expect to find this attitude very strongly expressed in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; as Lawrence was from the lower classes, he is much more interested in Mellors' climbing the social ladder than he is in Constance Chatterley's stooping to conquer. To understand the peculiar atmosphere of *Maurice*, one needs to imagine a book in which an English lady gives a fairly frank account of her love for a gamekeeper while managing to remain, from the first page to the last, an English lady to the backbone.

Still, the analogy is to some extent a faulty one, as we shall see, even though the Forster of 1913-14 was very definitely a middle-class Englishman and a great deal more of a snob than he realized. Cultural snobbery all too easily replaces social snobbery in England. Years ago I used to teach *Howards End* at City College of New York but I finally soured on the book completely: how could I, an ex-Leonard Bast, explain to a roomful of little Basts why they would never achieve the alleged culture of the Misses Schlegel? How, I wonder, did Lionel Trilling, another ex-Bast if I ever saw one, succeed in believing that "*Howards End* is undoubtedly Forster's masterpiece"? Religious snobbery was often a stopping place on the way from social snobbery to cultural snobbery. Noel Annan has shown that the members of "Bloomsbury" were to an extraordinary degree physical as well as spiritual descendants of the evangelical Clapham Sect, in which Forster's maternal great-grandfather Henry Thornton was one of the leaders. Forster, like the rest of Bloomsbury, was almost as prone to divide people into the saved and the damned as his sectarian ancestors. Poor Leonard Bast and most of the Wilcoxes are damned, for instance. Furthermore, the Clapham Sect, not being Calvinists, believed that every man could be saved if he underwent a personal conversion; Forster is not so sure. Like a Calvinist, he believes that some people are born cultured (the saved, the elect), others not. It is possible that some of the others may be converted, but this is highly unlikely. Being cultured in the Bloomsbury sense does involve acting rightly as well as thinking clearly and responding sincerely to persons and works of art; but if one is not born doing these things naturally, they are almost impossible to learn.

Forster, then, was a snob, but he was not quite the same kind of snob as his protagonist, Maurice Hall. In his terminal note he writes: "In Maurice I tried to create a character who was completely unlike myself or what I supposed myself to be: someone handsome, healthy, bodily attractive, mentally torpid, not a bad business man and rather a snob." Why did he choose such a protagonist? The next sentence provides a partial answer: "Into this mixture I dropped an ingredient that puzzles him, wakes him up, torments him and finally saves him." Note that word "saves." In theological terms, homosexuality becomes for Maurice a "means of grace." But this is the Forster of 1960 speaking; would he have regarded homosexuality as a way of salvation in 1913-14? A little further on he says, "The working out of such a character, the setting of traps for him which he sometimes eluded, sometimes fell into, and finally did smash, proved a welcome task." Welcome, whether Forster was fully aware of it or not, primarily because the entire book is a wish-fulfillment dream. He has already told us that "a happy ending was imperative." Could he not still have had a happy ending while making Maurice more like himself, more like the timid, sensitive Rickie Elliot of *The Longest Journey*? My answer, though I'm not sure Forster would have agreed, is that the acceptance of his own homosexuality by a man of Maurice's type would give the

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novel far greater propaganda value. The typical reader would say, "Well, if a capable stockbroker can go wrong like that, anybody can." Except for his sexual preference, Maurice is as totally ordinary and suburban as Forster can make him.

All the unity and strength that the novel possesses stem from this seemingly odd choice of a protagonist—all right, a hero. The many weaknesses that my fellow reviewers tend to emphasize stem from it too. Forster really knows very little about the outer or inner life of such a man as Maurice. Rather than show him at his work in the City of London, Forster has to present him as a commuter in a railroad car—the only place Forster is likely to have met or even overheard a broker. As for the inner life, Forster asks us to believe that a handsome "jock" like Maurice spends four years at an English boys' boarding school without discovering his own homosexuality or even learning any slangier description of a homosexual than "an unspeakable of the Oscar Wilde sort." (Incidentally, I went to the same Irish boarding school as Oscar Wilde. In my day, mutual masturbation was taken in stride by the boys, but fellatio and anal intercourse were taboo. Emotional relationships never to my knowledge went beyond kissing.) The only explanation Forster offers for this innocence and ignorance is that the "tone of the school was pure—that is to say, just before his arrival there had been a terrific scandal. The black sheep had been expelled, the remainder were drilled hard all day and policed at night. . . ."

Maurice's first love affair does not occur until he reaches Cambridge, and it remains platonic throughout. Clive Durham, a country squire but a first-rate scholar, has been aware of his own bent since the age of 15. When he tells Maurice that he is in love with him, Maurice still has so little self-insight that he answers like a Wodehouse character: "Oh rot! Durham, you're an Englishman. I'm another. Don't talk nonsense . . . it's the only subject absolutely beyond the limit as you know. . . ." (Does there perhaps already exist a pornographic parody of Wodehouse in which all the members of the Drones Club are queer?) Eventually Maurice realizes that he too is in love with Clive, but the latter never allows their relationship to go beyond kissing and playful wrestling. Clive says later, after inexplicably turning "straight" at the age of 24, "But surely—the sole excuse for any relationship between men is that it remain purely platonic." After Clive's abrupt switch, Maurice becomes desperately lonely. The day Clive's wedding is announced, Maurice almost molests a teen-age boy, Dickie. Eventually, after an attempt to cure himself through hypnosis of what he feels is an abnormality, Maurice half-consciously looses a cry into the night and finds that he has summoned Alec—not merely *a* gamekeeper but *Clive*'s gamekeeper. The physical experience is totally satisfying for both of them. Maurice, aware of the class gulf and the danger of blackmail, tries to avoid Alec thereafter. "But his body would not be convinced. Chance had mated it too perfectly."

Forster, as we have seen, was determined to reach a happy ending, in the sense of a lifelong love between the two men. "What guarantee is there that such love will last? None. So their characters, their attitudes towards each other, the tests through which they are put must suggest that it may last. . . ." With this in mind, Forster gives the plot a dangerous twist: Alec does try to blackmail Maurice, partly out of greed, partly out of a lover's pique at his snobbery. Blackmail was and is a very real danger wherever homosexuality is illegal, of course, but it is hard to believe that Maurice could ever trust Alec afterward. Anyway, Maurice calls his bluff, and they make love again; but Alec wants to "better himself" by emigrating: why should he give up his one chance of entering the middle classes just for love of Maurice? In the end, though, he deliberately misses his ship; in return, Maurice decides to give up his suburban life. As in the case of Mellors and Lady Chatterley, we must assume that these two, with very little in common except their sexual fulfillment, live happily ever after. The last we see, however, is Maurice telling the dismayed Clive that he plans to go off into "the greenwood" with Alec.

I can't deny that *Maurice* is rather a thin book, with little of the richness—of irony, of symbolism, of sharply differentiated characters—that we find in *A Passage to India*, written ten years later. (Most of the reviewers of *Maurice* seem to agree with me that *A Passage to India*, Forster's last novel, is also his best.) Yet it is reasonable to wonder whether Forster could have written that amazingly mature and wise and unsnobbish book if he hadn't first gotten *Maurice* out of his system. He purged himself of much more than homosexuality in the earlier book. *A Passage to India* is free not merely of class snobbery but of the inverted snobbery of liberalism too. At first we suppose that Fielding, who is at least in part a spokesman for the author, far outshines the imperialists, the Burtons and the Turtons, by virtue of his lack of racism. In the end, however, he gets very little closer than they do to understanding Aziz or Godbole. Forster is telling us that we can't after all go around feeling superior to our neighbors just because we're liberals—or think we are. The same goes for revolutionaries, of course, but they are certainly not going to listen to Forster's still, small voice when they have managed to ignore the yells of Dostoevsky. In fact, Forster is telling us that we can't go around feeling superior to anybody about anything—including our sexual preferences, be they hetero- or homosexual. (Gay Liberation please take note.)

What the young today may like best in *Maurice*, if they like anything, is its attack on the suburbs from within. Forster could not have hated suburbia so fiercely or satirized it so penetratingly had he not grown up in it. When Maurice renounces the suburbs for what he more than once calls "the greenwood," his idealism will not embarrass the young, though it makes me feel a little skeptical: "They [Alec and Maurice] must live outside class, without relations or money; they must work and stick to each other till death. But England belonged to them. That, besides companionship, was their reward. Her air and sky were theirs, not the timorous millions' who own stuffy little boxes but never their own souls."

For all his reticence, Forster has given us some idea of the scope and variety of homosexual love. Borrowing the phrasing of an English writer—I forget which one—we can call Maurice's affair with Clive "pure and romantic" and his affair with Alec "impure

BEGINNING

The hands that once held
The skull of this dark earth
Have left
The impressions of their palms
For rivers and roads
And men to follow.
And now I ask the world
To turn slowly,
For I turn slowly from the edge
Of its longest path, my life.
And as I hold up my hand
To shield from my eyes
The one light I was born under,
Something takes root
In the soil of the hand's flesh.
It is my future.
And I give it more light.

Ross Talarico

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and romantic." Forster being the kind of man he was, the affair with Dickie —"impure and unromantic"—remains only a possibility. Like his French contemporary André Gide—a more courageous man but a less accomplished novelist—Forster permits us to see a man's conscious acceptance of his own homosexuality as a metaphor for liberation in all its forms: liberation not only from the Christian sexual ethic but from the matriarchal family, from the hypocrisy of suburbia, and, in the last analysis, from bourgeois society as a whole. Leslie Fiedler no doubt would regard Maurice as yet another Huck Finn; still, if Mark Twain could conceivably have written *Maurice*, he couldn't in a million years have written *A Passage to India*. Neither could Gide. In the end, *Maurice*, although obviously a much smaller book than *A Passage to India*, does not disgrace E. M. Forster either as a man or as an artist. □

Energy of Adolescence

THE AGE OF ENERGY. *By Howard Mumford Jones. The Viking Press. 434 pp. $12.50.*

ALLEN R. BENTLEY
Mr. Bentley is an attorney practicing in the area of poverty law in New York City.

The half-century between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of World War I has now begun to mellow in our collective memory. Although two World Wars and a major depression have made it impossible to write a "relevant" history of the period, still not enough time has passed to erase completely the tangible signs of connection between now and then—aging relatives who might, but do not often choose to, remember; restaurants here and there spared the bulldozer's blade; dusty pictures and other mementos stumbled over in attics and garages. If we are unable to identify the faded figures, we do recognize them as the people we are identified with.

In *The Age of Energy*, Prof. Howard Mumford Jones has undertaken an exhaustive study of American culture in these years, 1865 to 1915. The movement of men from country to town to city, the growth of scientific, educational and professional societies, the impact of Darwinism, American attitudes toward foreign lands, conservation and changing perceptions of nature, the genteel tradition in art and literature, the central place of Theodore Roosevelt, pre-eminent representative of the life and thought of the era—Jones organizes his discussion of these subjects around the need to find a "governing philosophic concept," a "leading principle," a conceptual least common denominator for the time. The thesis of the book is that America itself was in search of such a unifying principle, and that the search culminated in Roosevelt's Presidency and in the emergence of a "pragmatic sanction" for American life and values. Jones derives a name for the period from the mechanical energy which so troubled Henry Adams, the "energy of personality" present in men like Wild Bill Hickock, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., George Hearst and "Diamond Jim" Brady, and the energy of words in political oratory, literature and the press.

Sometimes Jones's analysis is convincing, but at other times it appears that the struggle for a unifying principle is the author's, not that of the period under study. His account of the forest (i.e., the pragmatic sanction) is not as impressive as his leaf-by-leaf portrayal of the trees. And "the age of energy" seems a misnomer when we compare the physical power available then with that of our own period. The distinguishing factor was not so much the quantity of energy available as the buoyant quality of the entrepreneurs who wielded it.

Accordingly, the interpretation that Jones draws from his material may later be amended or perhaps rejected; but that cannot detract from the beauty and style which mark *The Age of Energy*. Jones writes clearly and vigorously. His exhaustive attention to detail (his footnotes alone fill more than 100 pages) never stands in the way of fluid narration. The commentary is affectionate, often wry, and above all, moderate. Jones weighs the predatory practices of 19th-century American capitalists against their philanthropies and finds the latter impressive. He has compliments for the achievements of giant corporations like

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Standard Oil. He believes in the value for civilization of 19th-century technological progress. And he suggests that the growing professionalism of corporate America's hired help, its lawyers, economists and engineers, brought about a taming of industrial excesses.

This easy temperateness is to be questioned. It appears to stem as much from a distaste for the opposing overstatements of other, generally unnamed, historians (or from the threat Jones perceives in contemporary radicalism) as from the evidence. Jones himself does not overlook the fact that, while corporations were consolidating and invention was proceeding apace,

> for millions of Americans the businessman's millennium was slow in coming, or rather, progress toward a stable economy seemed to the many—farmers, laborers, housewives, immigrants, country bankers, small-town merchants, and their kind—perpetually to elude the United States.

While praising professionals for restraining their employers, Jones acknowledges that "corporation lawyers did all they could to nullify national regulation in such areas as uniform railway freight rates," and were instrumental in refining the often questionable methods by which big business advanced its interests.

The finest sections of *The Age of Energy* are its extended discussions, in Chapter Two, of regional differences in America after the Civil War. Here Jones writes with understanding and imagination of the fictions, caricatures and negative identifications which played an as yet untold part in the development of our individual identities. His descriptions provide valuable insurance against the day when restlessness and mobility will have homogenized the country and consigned, first to recollection, then to history, the Yankee and the Reb, the city slicker and the country bumpkin.

The age of energy was also, I think, the age of American adolescence. The contradictions, the inconsistencies, and the search for a style to which Jones points typify the preoccupations of youth. The rhetoric of Teddy Roosevelt sounds simple and naive today. The crises of the age, from the scandals of the Grant administration to the famous war with Spain, however deeply felt by those involved, were essentially tempests in a teapot. That this half-century may still lie too close for proper perspective cannot prevent us from turning to it with the mixture of curiosity and nostalgia that the spectacle of adolescence inevitably generates in the adult. In that connection, *The Age of Energy* is an enlightening and no doubt enduring study. □

Chance, Necessity and Anxiety

CHANCE AND NECESSITY. *By Jacques Monod. Alfred A. Knopf. 199 pp. $6.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT

Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.*

This book is being acclaimed as one of the important works of our time, "comparable to Einstein's challenge to Newtonian physics." Its author, Jacques Monod, won the Nobel Prize in 1965 for his work in genetics, namely the process by which genes cause cells to duplicate themselves and the way in which cells synthesize protein. In *Chance and Necessity,* Monod discusses the philosophical and moral implications not only of his own work, but also of the whole revolution in biology that was begun when Crick and Watson discovered the "double helix" in the early 1950s. His aim is "to extract the quintessence of the molecular theory of the [genetic] code" in order to make it "strongly felt in contemporary thinking." In other words, Monod addresses himself to the layman.

I am a layman, and I can report that Monod is about 75 per cent successful in reaching me. I don't consider that a bad percentage, given the difficulty of the technical material he is working with. He discusses things like "microscopic cybernetics," "molecular ontogenesis," "invariance and perturbations," "autonomous determinism," the formation of amino acids along polypeptide fibers, and the teleonomic properties of the genetic process. He reflects upon the "replication" of cells, their power to reproduce themselves exactly. He examines the significance of the interaction between the "substrate" and "fibrous protein."

But you don't have to be a biologist to follow Monod's argument. And it is an argument. Indeed, *Chance and Necessity* is basically polemical, even evangelistic. Its main target is "animism," the philosophy that the human being is the "necessary, inevitable" result of an evolution which has from the beginning been guided by a transcendent intelligence. In this view, man is "ordained from all eternity," the divine goal of nature. He comes down especially hard on two of animism's chief exponents, Marx and Teilhard de Chardin.

For Monod, the scientific evidence unequivocally disproves their theories. Man came about by pure chance. ". . . chance *alone* is at the source of every innovation, of all creation in the biosphere. Pure chance, absolutely free but blind, at the very root of the stupendous edifice of evolution." Moreover, Monod is convinced that the biosphere itself developed from a unique event, a random combination of a couple of precellular entities existing in the original "soup" of matter. Even after that combination was made, the probability of which was virtually "zero," the emergence of man was not even close to inevitable.

It is not simply the wrong-headedness of animism that moves Monod to attack it. Its persistence into the age of science, especially biological science, has created a deep division in the mind of modern man, a division more dangerous than the nuclear bomb, overpopulation, or the pollution of the environment. We accept the scientific method for arriving at truth only so long as it is confined to coaxing from nature commodities that bring us material comfort. When it comes to the really important relationships in our lives, those that govern the way we behave toward one another in society, then, charges Monod, we cling to a totally outmoded and now thoroughly discredited method of getting at the truth.

To resolve this ominous division in the contemporary mind, Monod proposes an "ethic of knowledge," whose foundation would be the "objective truth" of scientific investigation. This ethic implies, he says, a clear view of man's ambiguities and contradictions, of his animal and intellectual capacities and needs, his emotional and rational impulses, and the "sociobiological origin" of "the highest human qualities, courage, altruism, generosity, creative ambition."

If those who claim for *Chance and Necessity* a place beside Einstein's theory of relativity are thinking about Monod's "ethic of knowledge," or even of his analysis of the split in the mind of modern man, then I think their claims are exorbitant. Monod's book is not important for its polemical or evangelistic qualities. The notion that man's scientific thinking has outrun his moral thinking is as old as the 19th century at least. And the idea that we should turn away from emotional man in the search for truths upon which we might found a truly human society appears in the plans of many 20th-century systems of thought—Freud's psychoanalysis and John Dewey's pragmatism, for example. Moreover, the "ethic of knowledge"

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sounds very much like Sartre's and Camus' admonition that we learn to live "without appeal" to some transcendent intelligence governing our lives.

What is important about *Chance and Necessity* is that it brings evidence from biology to bear upon the world view that has been under construction since the beginning of our century. Up to now, the science most important in formulating that view has been physics. Atomic physics has discovered electrons, neutrons, mesons, pi-mesons and a seemingly infinite family of atomic and nuclear constitutents, along with quanta and the principles of uncertainty and complementarity. These discoveries have tended to reinforce the more logically deductive explanations of the world that we get, for example, in phenomenology and existentialism.

When Monod takes us into the heart of the life process, into the genes and the cells the genes appear in, he is taking us into the equivalent of the atom and showing us the irreducible makeup of the entities that underlie all life. And what he finds there is what has been found in the physics and philosophy of the 20th century. At the basis of the life process lie three definitive characteristics: teleonomy (which "implies the idea of an oriented, coherent, and constructive activity"), autonomous morphogenesis ("a virtually total 'freedom'" from external influences in the shaping of cells' structure), and genetic invariance ("the ability to reproduce and to transmit *ne varietur* the information corresponding to their own structure").

I take Monod to mean that the "purpose" of the tiniest living organisms is to preserve their structure by finding the most successful ways of passing it on to subsequent generations. What every cell wants most is to become two cells. Thus, all living organisms, "in their structure and performance . . . act projectively—realize and pursue a purpose." As a means of pursuing this purpose, the parts of their genetic apparatus possess "cognitive" powers which make it possible for them to "recognize" other parts with which they may combine to fulfill the process of replication.

Monod interprets the experimental evidence of molecular biology and genetics as meaning that the life process at its most elemental stages is characterized by chance, which he calls freedom, and by purpose. The presence of these characteristics produces an "epistemological contradiction" which has yet to be solved. But right now it is possible for him to conclude that the macroorganism man is also characterized by teleonomy, autonomous morphogenesis and genetic invariance. That is, he is free, operates purposefully, and obeys the "necessity" of genetic invariance in passing his attributes on to subsequent generations.

In a sense, Monod completes the picture we have been making of ourselves for the last seventy years. In the end, however, he does much more. Many have called our period the "age of anxiety." Monod adds a revolutionary new dimension to that phrase. The need of man to prove that he is the darling of God or nature that makes animistic explanations so popular is an aspect of his genetic makeup. It reflects the teleonomic character of man as an organism, for it expresses the human "project" that is the analogy of the cruder project of the simple organism in dividing itself into two cells.

Here anxiety comes in. Science tells us not only that our old explanations of the world are wrong but that at this point in our history our genetic makeup, like that of the dinosaur, contains a fatal flaw. We are now pursuing a purpose which we know cannot be fulfilled, one proving that we are the ordained capstone of God's creation or nature's evolution. This clash between our genetic nature and the evidence of our science has produced a shock so profound in our species that our age may be unique in the evolution of man. Monod implies that man may have arrived at the point in his evolution where he is on the verge of extinction.

This is a biological way of reformulating many of the commonplaces of our century—anxiety, alienation, isolation. The crisis of identity in the 20th century is not merely psychological; it is genetic.

Monod tells us that evolutionary innovations come about through the random mutation of genes. Unlike other species in the history of life on earth, however, man has the unique opportunity to make a clear and conscious choice to do what no species has done before—deliberately to alter its gene structure and change the course of its evolution. In this light, the "ethic of knowledge" and all the analogous "ethics" introduced in the 20th century are admonitions to man to become another kind of being or face extinction.

There is something irresistible about the sweeping apocalyptic prophecy, the somber warning couched in the "either-or." Prophets have always half-hypnotized, half-terrified their hearers. Monod does not come with fire in his eye, grasping the thunderbolt. But he is a prophet and he makes his warning clear. And it is exhilarating to see a cautious scientist so willingly expose himself. I don't think this book is going to change the course of Western thought. But it throws a bright light on our current thinking about ourselves. □

The Novel of Her Life

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN: Volume IV, 1944-1947. *By Anaïs Nin. Edited and with a Preface by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 235 pp. $7.50.*

DANIEL STERN
Mr. Stern is author of The Suicide Academy, The Rose Rabbi *and other novels.*

When the first volume of the diaries of Anaïs Nin appeared in 1969, the large dimensions of the project as a whole were already visible. Not merely that 150 volumes existed, in manuscript, containing more than 15,000 typewritten pages, nor that more than four decades were dealt with in detail in those pages—for the book's scope is not to be defined by its physical size. It is rather that, at first glance, there was something unique about the tone and texture of the entries in the diary of the years 1931 to 1934. Four years of a life in Paris during which the author met Henry Miller and his wife June, became deeply involved in their lives, and helped Miller come to public notice as a writer. (In fact, she published his first book herself; the beginning of a long career of helping writers spiritually and helping them practically in the literary marketplace.) Two more volumes followed, one dealing respectively with the years in Paris during which Anaïs Nin lived on a houseboat on the Seine and the period in which, as the Second World War threatened, she left for America. These three volumes presented a texture of experience and commentary so rich, diverse and quick, that it was like no memoir one could remember having read. The enterprise Anaïs Nin has been engaged in here has often been praised as superbly sketched memoirs—which they are—as vivid portrayals of the times and places treated—which they are. But the central key, the third secret, to borrow Dostoevsky's phrase, of the truth of these diaries has been swimming around in our consciousness, waiting to be placed in the perspective

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that would explain their extraordinary emotional, sensual and psychological impact. The reading of the fourth volume, the best since the first, helped me to find it. I would like to put forward what I believe I have found, an insight that, forsaking humility, I will claim as my own.

What has been developing in the diaries of Anaïs Nin is, I believe, a major "fictional" representation of the modern era. Along with Proust and Gide, Anaïs Nin has taken the materials of individual lives and their settings, and portrayed them in conflict, filtering the results of the conflict through her own sensibility. In short, she has been creating a novel in the form of a continuous diary. It is one of the most ambitious undertakings in modern writing.

Oscar Wilde claimed that he had put his talent into his art but saved his genius for his life. Anaïs Nin put her excellent gifts into her series of novels—books like an unconscious feminine glance into the universal dream world. But her diaries have been written with a fuller commitment to the grand canvas of life, providing a richer surround for the characters and for the dilemmas in which they find themselves.

The composition of the diary, itself, was part of the drama. Some of her friends struggled with her to give up her endless preoccupation with it; others worked with her to turn portions of it into more or less conventional, publishable novels. In fact some of the most arresting items in the diary concern the diary itself: "October 1940. Forty-five volumes of the diary are lost. In Paris they were packed and expedited in a box, and the box disappeared en route to the ship."

In any case, the result is a long prose work in which all the major themes of our time are treated. The Artist versus Society (see Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell in Volumes I and II); the role of the Artist and Politics (see the vivid portraits of Gonzalo and Helba, revolutionaries *manqués* in Volume III); the Nature of Art (see any volume). And these themes are not treated helter-skelter as might be expected in a diary. They are developed thematically, through character and conflict. And the author pays with pain, visible on the page, for every insight achieved and expressed. Further evidence that the diary is a major fictional creation appears in its subtle treatment of character and history. Anaïs Nin's life gave her ample material for the purpose, bringing her in contact with many persons who had an impact on their time, on literature and on the consciousness of succeeding generations. Consider a destiny that leads through Henry Miller, Antonin Artaud, Otto Rank, Kenneth Patchen, Yves Tanguy, Dorothy Norman, Luise Rainer, Canada Lee, Josephine Premice, Gore Vidal, Edmund Wilson, Janko Vardo, Lloyd Wright, Maya Deren—and too many others to put down without drowning in names and accomplishments.

To choose only two in the new volume, Edmund Wilson and Gore Vidal, in a setting of end-of-war and postwar New York. A burgeoning friendship and passionate relationship with a young man whom she meets at a lecture at the YMHA. He introduces himself with the words, "I am Warrant Officer Gore Vidal. I am a descendant of Troubador Vidal." (Perfect for the future Vidal—elegance married to snobbery.) There ensues a relationship in which Vidal is instrumental in having Dutton take over the publication of Miss Nin's work, bringing her reputation above ground, at last. In turn Miss Nin befriends Vidal, gives him aid and artistic comfort—as well as introductions to magazines to which she has entrée. Slowly the relationship begins to crumble; and its failure is punctuated by seemingly unrelated comments on the nature of homosexuality. "The homosexual fears totality, the absolute in love. So he divides the physical from the love. But now I find that because of my sympathy and because I see in the homosexual the same hostilities and rebellions towards the willful or possessive parent, I am in sympathy with [his] perverse way of circumventing the man-woman relationship. . . ." When the inevitable trouble starts between them, the reader understands at once, without anything being underlined. This exemplifies the novelist's technique at its best.

Along with this developing thread, and the writing and publishing of *This Hunger* and *Ladders to Fire*, is the contrapuntal theme of Miss Nin's relations with Edmund Wilson. His enthusiastic review launched Miss Nin's hand-set book *Under a Glass Bell*. In spite of a good beginning, this encounter is not one made in heaven. Miss Nin fascinates Wilson and she respects him—but, finally, his approach is so heavy, so "critical" that they seem like two distinct spiritual embodiments: the Creator and the Critic. (The episode has its comic moments. "I'd like to marry you," Wilson says. "I could teach you how to write.")

There is, too, the sense of New York (and finally of America) preparing itself for the postwar world. The end is prophetic: New York growing oppressive, hostile (this is 1947), and Miss Nin taking a superbly described trip West.

Thus, Volume IV of Anaïs Nin's diary is a self-contained historical novel, using some characters upon which time has worked its alchemy (one's reaction to the novel may be colored by what one thinks of Edmund Wilson, of Gore Vidal), as well as many less famous characters *entirely* controlled by the author's vision. In the editor's introduction, one innocent little phrase may pass unnoticed. I call attention to it, because it is central to my thesis. "The omission of some characters was again necessary, and a few

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names have been changed and are indicated as pseudonyms in the index." Even the editor speaks of "characters," not people—as if instinctively aware that he is dealing with creatures of the imagination. I would guess that many of the omissions referred to are weighty ones, in terms of literal fact and biographical importance. But I imagine that the silences and empty spaces are as important to Anaïs Nin's design as the notations of specific fact. Whatever the reasons, *The Diary of Anaïs Nin* is not to be read as an ordinary journal. Nor should it be compared, as Henry Miller has compared it, with the *Confessions of St. Augustine*. Rather the intention and scope of the undertaking evoke Proust, Gide, and their poetic siblings —those artists of the first person who took their own sensibility as the refracting mirror, placed their friends and the history of their time before it, and captured the reflections in crystals of light that will illumine long after ordinary "memoirs" and "diaries" have lost their temporary, temporal interest. □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The proposition that an operatic performance, if it is to be heard as a totality, can be no better than its conductor —a proposition recently given negative proof at the Metropolian Opera (see *The Nation*, November 1)—was amply and forcefully confirmed in a much more pleasurable way by performances there of Verdi's *Luisa Miller* and Puccini's *Tosca*. In both works, the young American James Levine created a framework of such rhythmic vitality, superior sonorous balance (both within the orchestra and between pit and stage), and sure pacing that various visual and vocal inequalities detracted very little from the works' impact. Since both productions were revivals, they certainly had no more rehearsal than had the opening-night *Don Carlo* and the new *Freischütz*; throughout, however, the degree of polish and thrust was of another scale altogether.

The greater achievement, perhaps, was the early Verdi work, in Nathaniel Merrill's "traditional" 1968 production, with sets by Attillio Colonnello. The disparity in musical character between the first two acts and the more intimate, forward-looking (to *Rigoletto*) finale was as apparent as ever, but Levine achieved more with the unsubtle earlier sections, by offering a finely sprung reading of the hearty early Verdian rhythms, than did the more obviously "rousing" but relatively generalized vigor of Thomas Schippers several years ago. From the first notes of the Overture, one sensed a *lift in the orchestra's playing*, a sensitive balancing of melodic and timbral elements. Cabalettas began with real tempo-defining upbeats, rather than the usual ragged starts. Melodic lines passing between voices and orchestra were dovetailed with a sure feeling for continuity —not the least of the ways in which the singers' tasks were made easier by the authority in the pit. At no time were the tempo buildups to the climaxes allowed to get out of control.

The particular pleasure of the evening's casting was Adriana Maliponte in the title role. She is a comely singer, with an attractive tone and musicianship decidedly beyond one's usual expectations in this literature. Her sound is not particularly large, but its purity of production and intonation insure audibility and projection. To the professional, Miss Maliponte's most imposing achievement was the carrying of the difficult unaccompanied quartet in Act II, Scene 2, full of treacherous syncopations; thanks to her, the primary line was always secure, and the other singers' pitch approximations did not seriously detract. Also in the cast were Richard Tucker (Rodolfo), still displaying astounding technical command; Sherrill Milnes (Miller), in welcomely restrained voice; Mignon Dunn, a rather neutral Federica; Ruggero Raimondi (Walter), who now tends to growl and push his fine voice for emphasis; and Paul Plishka (Wurm), emerging as an assured, first-rank singer.

Tosca presents different problems, but Levine's pacing was equally sure. Again, the very first notes established the tone, for the specific coloring and spacing of Puccini's sonorities were set forth with an explicitness that continued to clarify long-range connections throughout the evening, and every section of the work was projected with specific textural differentiation. Grace Bumbry (Tosca) is probably pursuing a vocal *cul de sac* in this part; the registers and the "bulges" in her mezzo voice do not really match the shapes of Puccini's soprano lines, even though she has all the notes in her voice. Nevertheless, she worked with conviction and musicality, standing up well to the master of all Scarpias, Tito Gobbi. The latter's well-worn voice is occasionally a limitation to finesse at the lower end of the dynamic range, but he still sings true pitches, musical phrases and dramatic statements in a way that virtually defines the kind of unification of elements Puccini sought. Placido Domingo (Cavaradossi) was in superb voice, and this role makes few demands upon those areas of vocal technique in which he is deficient; in this context, too, his visual awkwardness mattered less than one might expect, since for once the drama was adequately operative on the vocal-musical level, where he can more than hold his own. All in all, it was one of the Met's best evenings in a long time.

The City Opera's new production of Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* requires little comment, for this crude example of American *verismo* remains fatally flawed at even the most obvious level by clumsy padding, rhythmic monotony and turgid scoring. One finds hard to believe the fact that this was its third scenic investiture by the company. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Abstracted from its social-historical context and seen only as a play among others, Richard Wesley's *The Black Terror* is a propagandistic melodrama (Public Theatre). Propaganda for what?, one may well ask. The question is a compliment to the author: the two attitudes the play sets forth are evenly balanced. Both are articulated with passion.

On one side is a group of black terrorists committed to the proposition that only by violence—including assassination—can a revolution aimed at establishing racial justice be effected. On the other side is one member of the group—Keusi, a veteran of Vietnam—who has been assigned to kill a notorious commissioner of police, which he does, but who is skeptical of the efficacy of the terrorist strategy. He maintains that terrorism in an industrial society will not only destroy the terrorists themselves but also abort the possibility of a revolution, principally because in the main people don't want it. There must be other ways, Keusi urges, by which the great change may be brought about, and he is determined to discover them.

The issue is joined when Keusi is asked to wipe out a moderate and trusted black leader who has caused the arrest of three men of his race who espouse terror. Keusi balks, believing that the repercussions of such an assassination will prove disastrous. Keusi loves and lives with M'Bahlia, a girl totally devoted to the terrorist cause. A crucial dispute between them exposes the irreconcilability of their positions. When they part, we realize how deep is M'Bahlia's feel-

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These years, with their open grasses,
Have been good to me, have wintered me
And pulled me up through spring.
The oak trees are continuous
In lifting into sun. The gladdened bowls
Of harvesting I bring.
I am living in the echo
Of a clear bell's ring.

Mary Tuteur

ing for Keusi; yet she undertakes the murderous task he has rejected. The man to be murdered is M'Bahlia's father! Though estranged, father and daughter have always been profoundly attached to each other. Still she shoots him. Immediately following the assassination we hear, as does M'Bahlia, that the terrorist group has been ruthlessly crushed, their quarters bombed. The horrified radio reporter repeatedly cries, "But this is America!"

The play dramatizes the conflict within the ranks of the blacks themselves. Keusi is, I venture to say, the author's spokesman. Wesley does not, however, minimize the provocation which inspires the terrorists' mad zeal. The play's debate is recurrent in every revolutionary situation, at all times, everywhere. Wesley's treatment of it is intrinsically sound; thus his play is specifically real and emotionally urgent. He does not stand dispassionately above the battle; he is part of it.

For all that, it is a crude play and on the whole rather crudely staged and acted. Most of the actors, strikingly dedicated, are insufficiently trained to make their extreme vehemence of feeling verbally intelligible. The most notable exception is Susan Batson as M'Bahlia. She is an exciting actress, capable of great tenderness, charm and humor, together with unbounded energy and emotional resource.

I came away from *The Black Terror* approving the occasion, despite my reservations; hoping too that it may be seen by many people. For while I prize polished craftsmanship and artistic completion as much as anyone, I value almost as highly authentic feeling, expression rooted in living experience and immediate reality.

Neil Simon has delivered another one of his highly successful joke books in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* (Eugene O'Neill). I enjoy jokes. But in assigning credit to something one must define its character. *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* is a string of quips and gags (with one scene of humorous observation) on topical themes. Neil Simon knows his business.

The main thread of interest, the titillation in recognition, is strung on the ever increasing inconvenience, noisomeness and irritation of living in New York and, no doubt, in other big American cities. There are first of all the bad services in our large apartment houses. Rents are high; this, that and the other fails to work—the air conditioning, the toilet flush, the garbage collection, the insulation. The streets are befouled and raucous. There are robberies, strident neighbors. The economy is imperiled, there is fear of unemployment. Radio and television report constant catastrophe in every domain. We are on a wrack.

Just the same there will be packed houses at high prices at every performance of the play, with audiences laughing their fool heads off. I laughed too, although on leaving the theatre, I remembered very few of the jokes. The ones I liked best were the newscasters announcing, first, the kidnapping of the police commissioner, then, a strike of forty-seven judges, whose representative keeps repeating "We won't woik," and, finally, the mugging of Nelson Rockefeller, who is laid up at Beth Israel Hospital.

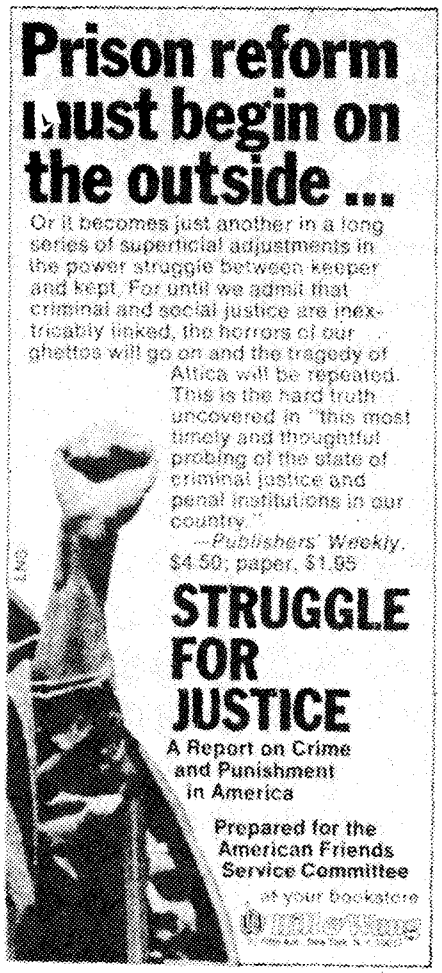
For me the best scene is the one in which Mel Edison, the play's central character, is visited by his older brother Harry and his three sisters. Mel has had a nervous breakdown and his brother and sisters want to help him and his devoted wife, who took a job when he lost his. Harry asserts that the family must provide Mel with X number of dollars till he recovers. How much exactly, the ladies insist on knowing, are "X number of dollars"?

This scene, a fine cartoon of "tribal" sentimentality, caution in money matters and routine family solidarity (at bottom a picture of frozen attitudes and rigid social convention) is true comedy. The greater part of the play is composed of clichés skillfully contrived to provoke laughs.

The show is well cast. Under Mike Nichols' expert direction, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Vincent Gardenia, Florence Stanley, Tresa Hughes and Dena Dietrich give admirably fitting performances.

I had hoped to speak extensively of Fernando Arrabal's production of his play *And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers* (The Extension, 277 Park Avenue South) in connection with his film, *Viva La Muerte*, because they are more or less related in subject matter, and I wished to compare the relative effectiveness of theatre and film in the depiction of brutality and horror. Unfortunately, and that is why I have omitted previous mention of the play, I have not yet found time to see the film.

Arrabal, a Spaniard who lives in Paris and writes in French, is the author of the highly regarded *The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria*, which I saw there. It puzzled and troubled me without my being able to dismiss it. His early work appears to stem from the theatre of the absurd, but judging from *Handcuffs on the Flowers* he has added Genet-like elements of savagery, a degree of ritualistic intensity, incantatory and turbid, sprung from a venomous reaction against the constrictions of Spanish re-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ligiosity in the context of Franco's counterrevolution.

Vive La Muerte, I read, is about the Spanish Civil War itself. *Handcuffs* is about the treatment of political prisoners in present-day Spain. It is an entirely stylized play with images of the horrifying punishment, unspeakable physical humiliation and tortured dreams of the prisoners. These experiences evoke intimate memories, atavistic stirrings prompted by long suppressed childhood recollections of traditional Spanish environment and culture. The play becomes a nightmarish phantasmagoria, causing some people to speak of Artaud's "Theatre of Cruelty" and others to allude to the horrendous cinematic poetry in such a film as *El Topo*.

I speak descriptively and am not making any value judgments at this point. The general subject is worth closer study: in the theatre, the film and other forms of expression, an art of exasperation and self-immolation is being born. In these the fears, agonies and sado-masochistic pleasures of our time, including distorted echoes of age-old cultural and religious resonance, are poured out in wild disarray. Are we on the verge of that Armageddon which is to eventuate in annihilation or transfiguration?

Arrabal's intention in the play, and no doubt in the film, is to emit a shriek of protest against what he has experienced in his native land, where he was recently imprisoned and might have been indefinitely kept had it not been for the intervention of certain members of the P.E.N. club. □

FILMS/Robert Hatch

What the screen can do for Shakespeare's plays is spread them across a picturesque landscape and investigate with an inquisitive camera the mien and deportment of their characters. These are not services that Shakespeare urgently needs —indeed, in the first instance, the expansiveness dilutes his dramatic power and the circumstantial detail makes even a stripped-down text seem excessively eventful; and in the second instance, obsessive intimacy deprives the poetry of its full meaning and dethrones its majesty. Still, one must not complain that the screen does what it can do—particularly if in other respects the company shows it understands and reveres the work it has undertaken.

Thus, Peter Brook's *King Lear* is as excellent a filming of the play as one can expect from a resourceful director who is determined to take advantage of the facilities available to him. The landscape (of northern Denmark) is austere and strange; the rude, arrogant castles and the accouterments (the leather traveling coaches, the kitchen hardware, the goblets and weapons) are ingenious and tactilely vivid. Much of this animated archaeology is perhaps beside the point, since the king and his daughters, for all their rough ways, are scarcely representative examples of an Iron Age culture. It is true also that a storm of Caribbean ferocity sweeps away a large part of the most haunting and deeply layered dialogue that Shakespeare ever wrote, and that throughout it is difficult to attend the verse—by turns lacerating, rancid, wise and surpassingly tender—when uttered by men and women whose faces are dehumanized into masks by grotesque magnification.

On the other hand, Brook and his cast show that they know well enough what Shakespeare was about in this work. (That may be because Brook staged it in London not long ago.) Paul Scofield plays the opening moments with a lagging and deep rumbling diction that suggests he is wringing the possibilities out of a death scene; but once the realm has been divided and Lear can move about and feel the consequences, Scofield approximates the scope and limitations of the "foolish fond old man." He endows him with a physical power to command that contrasts shockingly with his self-induced impotence to do so; that also is something the screen can demonstrate very well. Jack MacGowran's Fool is a surpassing interpretation; he is at once disarming and formidable. Irene Worth as Goneril and Susan Engel as Regan make credible those implacable bitches their greed for power is a facet of their general lust, and they exemplify the steaming sexual imagery that characterizes the play.

I cannot call the entire roster, but feel I should, for everyone does his or her work with intelligence and the incisive economy of splendid craftsmanship. For reasons cited earlier, this production does not give a very deep interpretation of the play. It carries out Shakespeare's intentions, but it does not plumb them. Indeed, I doubt that any one encountering *King Lear* for the first time in this invigoratingly athletic version could absorb the terror and love that make it immortal. But few of us are in that state, and Brook's production rouses the play from memory and brings it roaring back into present experience. □

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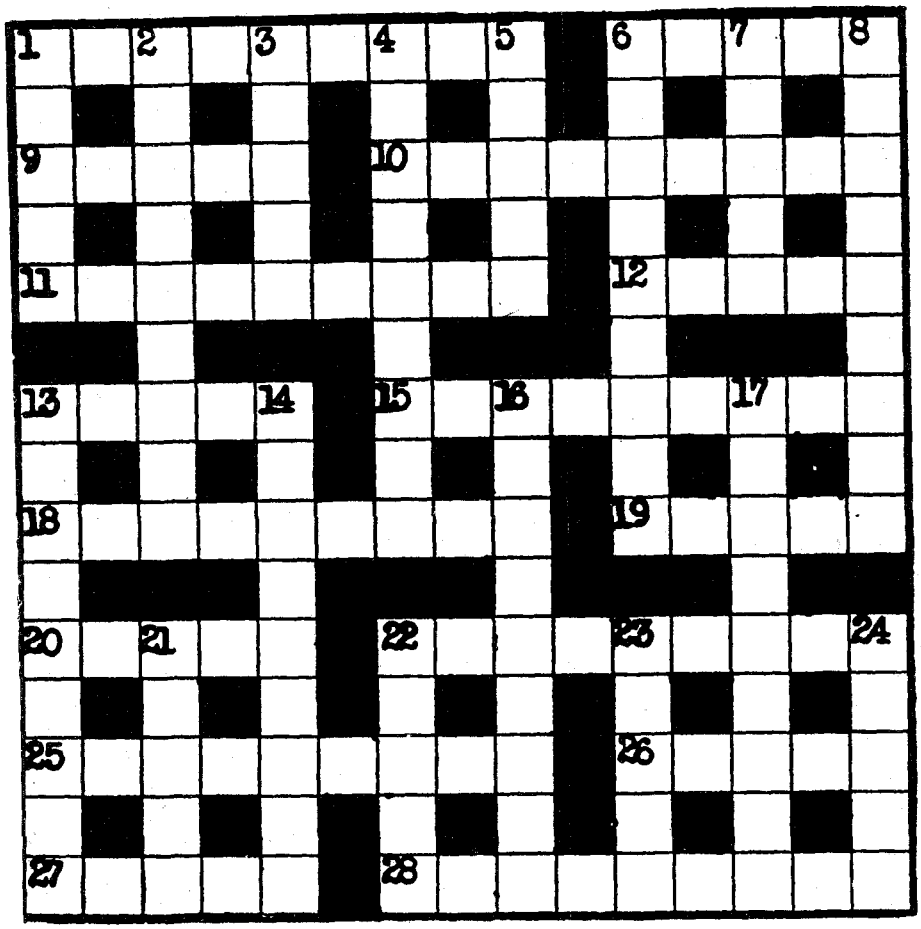

ACROSS

1 and 10 Unfortunate position of one who has been given a cue. (6,3,5,4)
6 Nothing in a take-it-or-leave-it state could be so welcome to the traveler. (5)
9 Make sure the account rings true, though you might not get credit if you do, of course. (5)
0 See 1 across
1 One would have to be an authority on rock, if the leg is to go less awkwardly. (9)
2, 23 and 24 down and 27 across Brant-bound, perhaps, but not necessarily successfully so. (3,2,1,4,5,5)
3 Is music observed to be famous? (5)
5 Coming out of the earth, each might make you sorry. (9)
8 Good future seers? (9)
9 What, in passing, might raise the grade level? (5)
0 See 4 down
2 Giving life to about a thousand, or returning to ashes? (9)
5 Rather inappropriate addresses are hung as a sort of them. (9)
6 Unconscious concept of the parent, as part of a whim a good child has. (5)
7 See 12 across
8 Recorded split, associated with the computer, perhaps. (4,5)

DOWN

1 General sound of boastful language? (5)
2 It might prevent a blow-up. (9)
3 Chemical group, in common terms used to do just the opposite of 2. (5)
4 and 20 across Manx Tories were not what Paine was referring to! (3,6,2,3)
5 After some hesitation, obtained something that might not go well with cereal. (5)
6 and 22 down A way of escape for Monte Cristo, ten having been passed? (3,3,3,5)
7 Stick with the manager's assistants! (5)
8 Those who fix broken limbs? (The pieces of wood are much too tiny for support!) (9)
13 Echoing, to form a revival of 1840? (3-6)
14 Represented by tallness, both genetically and physically. (9)
16 What an aggressive student does when a question is handed down? (7,2)
17 Pan's serenade? (9)
21 French husband with a girl's name? (5)
22 See 6 down
23 and 24 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1417

ACROSS: 1 Contents; 5 and 9 Secret agents; 10 Lexicon; 11 Gosling; 12 Canon; 13 Contender; 14 Satyr; 16 Rest stop; 19 and 31 Sauce for the goose; 22 Rosin; 24 Lemonwood; 26 Pop up; 28 Matinee; 29 Imitate.
DOWN: 1 Cold cash; 2 Nixon; 3 Eccentric; 4 Tank car; 6 Elsie; 7 Raindrops; 8 Tigers; 15 Teammates; 17 Strapping; 18 Ensphere; 20 and 30 Frozen assets; 21 Reddish; 23 Alumna; 25 Nonet; 27 Plato.

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Poaching, we call it—the practice of the big journals, who glide through our woods, looking for good ideas, new subject matter, fresh rabbits for their stewpots. *The Nation* has always been productive ground for these crafty trappers. In 1925, H. L. Mencken wrote in the Baltimore *Sun*: "Editorial writers all over the land steal from The Nation daily; it supplies, indeed, all the ideas most of them ever have."

They're still at it today. Our issue of September 13, 1971 carried Timothy H. Ingram's "The Corporate Underground," the first article in a national publication to speak of the dissident papers being published by employees of large corporations. Behold the trespassers:

Business Week, October 9: "Underground Papers Needle the Bosses."

Wall Street Journal, November 3: "Underground Papers in Corporations."

Newsweek, November 8: "Corporate Life: The Dissenters."

Two of these journals approached Ingram for his contacts and further ideas; the third quoted him directly—as "one magazine writer." But was Ingram mentioned by name? Did the word *Nation* pass any of these journalistic lips? You must be kidding!

We're not particularly mad—it's been going on too long; indeed, we're flattered: Poaching is proof that other editors think we know our business. But we are a little puzzled—why no credit lines? Are they afraid that *The Nation* might steal their readers if they disclosed the source of their ideas?

Now there's a real idea. . . . . .

Sign on below, and beat the poachers to the rabbits.

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